THE COMMONWEAL

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Main Editorial 281
Week by Week 282
The Ministry of Beauty 285
The Free State Moves Forward ..... Shaemas O'Sheel 287
Shakespeare (*verse*) ..... Mary Seton 289
Places and Persons ..... John C. Cahalan, jr. 290
Fetters (*verse*) ..... Louis Ginsberg 291
Radicalism and Mass Production ..... William Franklin Sands 292
Month of the Holy Infancy ..... Sheila Kaye-Smith 293
In Exitu Israel (*verse*) ..... Sister Mary of the Visitation 294
Dialogue in Heaven ..... Franklyn J. Kennedy 295
I Love Saint Peter ..... Helen Walker Homan 296
Three Ladies ..... Mary E. McLaughlin 297
Communications 298
The Play ..... Richard Dana Skinner 300
Books ..... Ernest Brennecke, jr., Catherine Radziwill, Katherine Brégy, T. Lawrason Riggs, Charles Willis Thompson, John A. Ryan, Kilian J. Hennrich 302

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THE LIGHT MUST BE TURNED ON

SOONER or later New York City will have to be investigated—not in its magistrates' courts or any other courts, but in every branch of the city government. This will come about in spite of explicable Democratic opposition and significant Republican reluctance. It will come about for two reasons: first, that that is New York's historic way of cleaning her skirts when they get filthy; and second, that no man in his senses can doubt they now are badly besmirched.

The evolution has been rapid. First it was only "the Ewald case"; a single magistrate was alleged to have bought his place on the bench from a Tammany leader. Then it became a case of something crooked in the magistrates' courts, and by the time Justice Crater disappeared it had become "the judiciary scandal." From the Supreme Court down the bench was under suspicion of buying appointments and nominations from politicians nobody had ever heard of and who, on the face of things, might appear to have no influence except in their own districts.

As New York is a Democratic city, the Republicans were perfectly willing to make all the capital and sling all the mud that might help them to win an election, but highly unwilling to turn the boulder over and reveal the slimy things crawling beneath. At the November election the people, not being so foolish as is too often supposed, refused to buy this gold brick; but that does not mean they are pleased or even satisfied with the undisturbed boulder and the things underneath it.

No man in his senses can suppose that the "racket" style of politics in New York is confined to the buying and selling of places on the bench. It merely happened that the light was turned on the judiciary instead of some other branch of government. With the Democratic party, colloquially known as "Tammany Hall," in control of every branch of the government and able to make money out of all, is anybody so simple as to think it is good and virtuous enough to keep its hands off everything but the judgeships?

Whenever it happens here, as it happens in every big city, that a single political party has been in control long enough to let the grafters make their way to the top, the historic method has been to expose things by a legislative investigation and then let nature take its course. This is the New York method because the city is Democratic and the Legislature normally Republican. The Legislature appoints a committee of

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state senators and assemblymen who—in theory—come down to Democratic New York and investigate it in the interest of their party. This is the theory, but not the fact.

The fact is that the so-called committee hires eminent counsel, and that he does the investigating, and that from one day to the next the committee knows no more what he is going to turn up than the man in the moon. Confining ourselves to the most famous of all such investigations—the Lexow Committee, whose revelations turned New York Republican and created an upheaval that has not quite subsided yet, did no investigating at all and never knew at 9 a. m. what revelations it would hear by noon. The investigating was done by the committee's counsel, who happened to be a Democrat and whose name was John W. Goff.

This year, though the suspicion of universal governmental corruption almost amounts to evidence, the Republican state machine, controlling the Legislature, has been perfectly quiet, except that it was willing to make a lot of unprofitable noise during the late unlamented campaign. At this point it will be well to depart from the present and turn for a moment to the past. There was, then, in the past a Republican organization which, nominally opposing the Democracy, secretly worked hand-in-glove with it and did nothing to hurt it. To avoid prickling the feelings of anybody now active in politics, let us simply say, what is undisputed, that that was the condition of the so-called Republican organization in 1884 and 1886. If a similar condition existed today, it would go far to explain why the 1930 Republican organization made no attempt to clean up this Democratic city.

However, toward the close of 1930 a new Republican State Chairman named W. Kingsland Macy was elected, and as the new year began he put through a resolution calling on the Legislature to appoint an investigating committee. As these lines are written, the resolution has been broadened to include more than a mere investigation of the judiciary. The other branches of government may also be probed, so that the public may come to know whether a gang like that of which Mr. Healy is the exposed example was really self-restrained enough to take easy money only from the pockets of the comparatively few men who want to be judges. The Legislature can do as it pleases with Mr. Macy's resolution. If it chooses to investigate only the judiciary—and no immediate action is expected—those who are old enough will recall 1884 and 1886 and speak with a sigh of satisfaction of "the good old days."

Nevertheless, neither the Republicans nor the Democrats can hold back very long a thorough investigation—say an investigation like the one Justice Goff made in 1894, disguising himself as "the Lexow Committee." No city can remain permanently rotten. Every city has its own way of dealing with such conditions; New York's nosing way is not, for instance, Chicago's or San Francisco's way. A real investigation might reveal now why ex-Judge Olvany resigned the city leadership, and why ex-Governor Smith was made to keep his hands off. The days of decency were getting irksome to some at least of the powerful old-timers and there was a longing for the return of such times of freedom as existed under Tweed and Croker. Whether this corrupt element is really in control of New York's political machine is a question that only a thoroughgoing investigation can determine.

WEEK BY WEEK

THROUGH still, and moving, and speaking photographs Americans have generally received an impression of Mussolini as a man in military uniform reviewing men, women and children in military formations and addressing them in what seemed to be a very bellicose and jingo manner. His speeches as reported in the newspapers have compositely, we think we can fairly say, given another aspect of the same impression. They recalled the massive, beetling brow, the out-thrust jaw, the heavy fist shaken and banged on the rostrum for emphasis. France meanwhile was continually complaining that Mussolini's attitude made them feel nervous. England politely deprecated the Duce's warlike manner. The Hitlerites in Germany, and similar firebrands in Austria and Hungary, adopting for themselves the name Fascist, contributed to our feeling that Mussolini was potentially a very dangerous man, an instigator of militarism and of war. At the same time we were conscious of the grave perils to world peace that were threatened openly by the Soviets. Then, thinking back beyond yesterday's newspaper or newsreel, the situation became somewhat clearer; personalities diminished and the traditions of a race could be seen in historical perspective. Italy would be out of character and betraying its contribution to the genius of humanity, did it not in the present confusion of the world stand forth unequivocally for authority and order. No other country has had a more consistent destiny, or made greater contributions to the foundations of law and government.

Vandals or Law

COMING back from these calming reassurances that we believe we should see in history, to the current of recent events, we find there a parallel that is at least a coincidence, and which in any case increases our hope and our faith. At the occasion of the greatest holiday of all Christendom when, besides our spiritual regeneration, we received the clear and simple promise of peace on earth to men of good-will, the present Vicar of Christ reasserted the promise for our times. He declared that it was unbelievable that any nation would be "so monstrously homicidal and so almost certainly suicidal as to will a new war." Exactly a week later the ether waves brought to America—and to the world everywhere where men had the means and the interest

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to listen in—a message of peace from Mussolini: "I should like to contradict many rumors spread abroad on the attitude taken by Fascism and the danger it is supposed to represent for the peace of the world. Such accusations are groundless. Neither I nor my government nor the Italian people desire to bring about war. . . . New discoveries of science would make war even more dreadful than the last. The danger of death would not be reserved for the fighters, but whole populations would be imperiled without the possibility of effective protection. . . . Italy—let me repeat it—never will take the initiative in starting a war. Italy needs peace. Fascism desires to secure for the Italian people, in coöperation with all other peoples of the world, a future of prosperity and peace. . . . The training we give our youth aims at making them strong and self-reliant, accustomed to self-control, with a sense of responsibility and discipline." This clear statement by Mussolini was hailed in France with joy, and no reservation was made about its sincerity. For our part we hail it as a manly and noble declaration effectively embracing in the letter of civil government the spirit of the Pope's message.

Rome Answers Lambeth

ORDINARILY, forecasts of what a papal encyclical will contain, sent out by the Vatican City correspondents of the secular press, are the least reliable of all the guesses and gossip which far too often masquerade as news under such circumstances. Popes are not in the habit of sharing their counsels with publicity agents, even when they are highly distinguished journalists. Sometimes, indeed, the most flagrant misrepresentations are given currency by sensation-mongers, and by anti-clerical journalists pandering to their particular clientele. The forecast of the expected encyclical letter on marriage, however, given by the Associated Press, is quite certainly an exception to the general rule. What the Holy Father had to say to the cardinals in his Christmas allocution was in substance largely devoted to the subjects which are to be dealt with in the encyclical. Moreover, the position which the Pope would take in regard to the sanctity of Christian marriage, and the matter of birth control, could not, in the nature of things, be other than that outlined by the Associated Press. While we still feel that only the precise and authorized statements of the encyclical can safely be taken as the text for comment, we believe that we are well within the lines of prudence in thinking that the Associated Press will prove to be right in the following statement: "A reiteration of the strict Catholic doctrine regarding marriage is expected in the encyclical which Pope Pius will issue this week. Far from making concessions to modernistic trends, it is understood that the encyclical will hark back to the first principles of the Church, restating Catholicism's utter disapproval of divorce and emphasizing the doctrine that only by continence within the marriage state can families be limited without transgressing the divine law." Probably, it is also true that "this statement," as the Associated Press says, "would be the Pope's answer to the Episcopal bishops' qualified admission of birth control in certain cases, emanating from the Lambeth Conference in London last summer." Against the forces which would dissolve Christian morality, Rome again has spoken. Even secular journalists now know that Rome can only speak an unchangeable word in all that concerns the moral law.

Dangerous Tools

THE WIDEST possible publicity among Catholic readers is being given to the views expressed by the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, in an editorial article entitled, "The Tar of Intolerance," distributed to more than one hundred Catholic newspapers. The article treats of the action of Robert A. Lucas, executive secretary of the Republican National Committee, in surreptitiously dealing with the Independent Publishing Company, which issues the notorious journal of anti-Catholic bigotry, the *Fellowship Forum,* for the printing of campaign literature to be used in Nebraska in an abortive effort to defeat Senator George N. Norris, the regular Republican nominee. When the facts became known, Mr. Lucas told the Nye investigating committee that he had paid for the stuff out of his own pocket, but it also became known to the investigators that Mr. Lucas obtained the money by a bank loan guaranteed by a fund of $40,000 deposited by the Republican National Committee. The campaign literature in question consisted of circulars calling attention to the fact that Senator Norris supported Governor Alfred E. Smith in 1928, and included scurrilous cartoons of Governor Smith. What the N. C. W. C. editorial article says is of unusual importance, because the N. C. W. C. is under the direct control of the bishops of the Catholic Church. We quote part of the editorial below, believing it represents the views of a great majority of Catholics who, irrespective of their political affiliations, deeply resent the employment of such an agency as the publishers of the *Fellowship Forum* by responsible officials of any political party:

"MR. LUCAS defends his action by the claim that Senator Norris, despite the fact that he was the regular Republican nominee for Senator, was not entitled to support as a Republican because of his failure to support the Republican nominee for President in the election of 1928. We have no concern with the quality of Senator Norris's Republicanism. As Catholics we are indifferent to whether Senator Norris is a good Republican or a bad Republican. But we are as Catholics much concerned that the Republican National Committee, which represents the administration governing the country, associated itself even to the extent of a printing contract with an organization which promotes and lives by religious bigotry, thereby giving

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the appearance, to say the least, that the committee is not above influencing a political campaign by religious prejudice. During the presidential campaign of 1928, two Republican national committeemen were exposed as disseminators of anti-Catholic propaganda. The admissions of Mr. Lucas show that the Republican National Committee in the congressional campaign still maintained the anti-Catholic relations which brought it criticism in the presidential campaign. The President's public declarations in advocacy of the broadest religious tolerance somehow do not seem to serve as a guide for those who are chosen to conduct his party's organization, even when, as reported in the case of Mr. Lucas, they are of his own selection."

A Catholic General

THE AFFECTION in which Joffre was held by his men was probably best expressed by their calling him "Papa Joffre." He was a kindly man, though a tower of strength. In this he was a living refutation of the cynics who would imply that the qualities of strength and gentleness cannot be united. He symbolized not so much the mailed fist as the bourgeois *honnête homme* who had his fields and hearthside, and those of his neighbors, to protect with as little suffering to the men who entrusted themselves to his direction as he could possibly manage. The battle of the Marne, by which his fame stands, might well be added to Creasy's fifteen decisive battles of the world, as the sixteenth. The invaders were within thirty miles of Paris. If Paris had been invested by the enemy, it is very possible to consider that the French might have surrendered rather than bombard their beloved city and destroy so many buildings inseparable from their past.

HIS ORDER is a monument of reasoned heroism. It is not peremptory and militaristic. It is the message of a humble son and grandson of village cask-makers to his fellow democrats. It is the best answer to those theoretical pacifists who declare that soldiers are cattle who do not know what they are fighting for. It declared: "At the moment that the battle is being begun on which the safety of the country depends, it must be recalled to all that the time is past when anyone can look backward. Every effort must be employed for the attack and to drive back the enemy. Any unit which cannot advance should, whatever it costs, hold the ground it has taken and die where it stands rather than retire . . ." This was the message of the man who—like Foch, who later became the supreme general of all the allied forces—was a Catholic. It is true that during the greater part of his life he was a freemason, but the spirit of the man had been formed in youth as a Catholic, and in his last days when he was admitted to the hospital of the Brothers of Saint-Jean-de-Dieu, he returned to the Church. It was from France's historic Cathedral of Our Lady that he made his last march with the military pomp of this world.

Science and Unemployment

CLEVELAND was host to the nation's social scientists during the Christmas holidays. The great organizations in the fields of economics, politics, sociology and labor legislation, the American Economic Association, the American Statistical Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Sociological Society and the American Association for Labor Legislation, met for their annual conferences. Though others may stand in the limelight, it is the social scientists in the seclusion of the study or conference, who germinate the ideas which eventually receive expression through statesmen and industrial leaders. John A. Lapp and other well-known Catholics took part in the deliberations. The subject which engrossed all minds was the industrial depression, and the consequent unemployment with its accompaniment of poverty. On the programs, and in the corridor and lobby conversations, the subject recurred over and over. It was subjected to clear-cut analyses as well as cursory discussion by the men and women who are closest to the basic facts. Outstanding in all discussions was the admission that we do not know the extent of unemployment. That it is greater than is admitted by the administration at Washington was not doubted; in fact, the consensus of opinion was that there are more than five millions out of work. The census of April last was subjected to scathing criticism, not for the lack of accuracy but for the misleading publicity drawn from deductions based upon partial returns and given out by the administration for the purpose of promoting optimism. General approval was evident for a system of continuous and unbiased fact-finding on the extent of employment and unemployment, nation-wide establishment of employment bureaus through coöperation of city, state and nation, advance planning of public works, stabilization of business and industrial operations, shortening of the work day and week, and unemployment insurance.

Hailing a New Writer

THE APPEARANCE of Alfred E. Smith among the writers for the press will probably start more political than literary discussion. The preface to his first article, on unemployment, in the New York *World,* and many other newspapers, on Sunday, January 4, which contained the significant remark that he was the national leader of the Democratic party, may be pondered more thoughtfully than the article itself. As in the case of what appears under the signature of "Calvin Coolidge," what Mr. Smith publishes will be checked and double-checked by political wiseacres from one end of the country to the other in search after points in the game of party politics, no matter how far such considerations may be from the minds of either the sage of Northampton, Massachusetts, or the hero of the sidewalks of New York. Yet long before the press annexed him professionally, Alfred E. Smith had earned a high repu-

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tation for his ability to write and speak the English language in a style notable for the most distinguished literary virtues: clarity, originality of phrase, and the gift of holding, and of rewarding, attention. It is, of course, true that Mr. Smith's extraordinary career of constructive statesmanship in itself supplies a positive guarantee that what he will have to say on public affairs will be worth while, but in proportion as he lets himself go in the employment of his own innate and well-trained gift of verbal expression will the enjoyment of his readers be enhanced. His first article promises that he will, in this respect as in all other matters, follow his own path. He is more than merely a public man writing for the press; he is a born writer who also happens to be a well-known public man.

The Tactful Maurois

PERHAPS it was Mr. Lewis's performance in Stockholm that lent such balm-like quality to M. Maurois's subsequent pronouncement on American youth. Perhaps M. Maurois suspected that it would. Sensitive romanticist though he is, he is nothing if not astute; he may have realized that the market was ripe for a little praise of our home-grown article. This is not to detract from the honesty of his expressed opinions. We are sure that he found, at Princeton where he has been lecturing, and at the other colleges upon which he descended for hasty visits, plenty of justification for his impression that our young men and maidens are "characterized by a new and growing awareness of intellectual things"; that "contrary to certain reports," they "breathe in deeply of the spirit of scholarship and are increasingly liberal in their attitude toward the arts and letters in general." We have always, fortunately, had undergraduates of this kind; the most atrabilious critic has never denied it. M. Maurois's tact comes in in his failure to mention that we also have, in much vaster numbers and representing an almost irresistible corporate power, undergraduates of another kind: the kind that Dr. Flexner recently took such pointed exception to. Well, there is usefulness as well as intelligent good manners in M. Maurois's selectiveness. It does us no harm, in the midst of all our educational welladays and harrow-and-alases, to be reminded that such good stuff as we have is as good as the best anywhere.

THE MINISTRY OF BEAUTY

WE FIND ourselves hoping that Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is right when, in his article in the January number of *Harper's Magazine,* he says: "Unless some new debacle of human folly, like the great war, wrecks our chance, we are moving out into a renaissance of beauty all along our civilization's line. Undoubtedly, religion feels that stir and recognizes in it the opportunity to reclaim some of its lost heritage. It may use the opportunity merely to bring in a new day of ceremonial pomp and circumstance, with processionals substituted for convictions, and sacraments for moral seriousness, or it may succeed in making beauty for multitudes an allurement for goodness and a pathway to God." It is impossible, of course, for a Catholic to agree with Dr. Fosdick that sacraments could be substituted for moral seriousness; but letting that point (and many other debatable or dubious statements in his article) pass, we find ourselves in agreement with his thesis that religion in modern times has culpably neglected what Robert Bridges so nobly termed the ministry of beauty, and that there are hopeful signs of its restoration.

Dr. Fosdick goes so far as to term religion itself an art. As he himself informs us, however, the religion for which he is so eloquent a spokesman talks in a pictorial, a symbolical fashion and distrusts all precise definitions, either theological or philosophical. Making allowances for this fact, we think we see Dr. Fosdick's meaning, and, if we do, we decidedly agree with it. He is, of course, chiefly concerned with what is going on in the Protestant religious world, and he uses language too violent to be employed by a Catholic to condemn "the hideous, degenerate Protestant architecture," and "the expensive horror of hundreds of our churches with their amphitheatrical arrangement, sloping floors, high platforms, with a man on a red plush chair as the center of attention, a speaker's desk in front of him and painted organ pipes behind. Such churches may be fit to proclaim doctrine and duty in, but they are not conducive to worship; and anybody who goes out from them uplifted and cleansed by a vision of the beautiful has triumphed by imagination over an adverse environment."

We may safely leave the artistic reformation of the Protestant congregations and churches in their own hands, with the sincere hope that it will succeed, and turn our attention for a while to the same problem as it faces Catholics. That the Church is innately and indestructibly beautiful, as well as good and true, is, of course, more than a dogma to be accepted on faith; it is a conviction of the heart as well as the mind with Catholics. But a Catholic is forced sorrowfully to admit that the beauty of the Faith may be and indeed at times is darkly shadowed, if not totally in eclipse, even as the goodness of the human instruments of the Faith may diminish during a particular historic period, or in some particular place, during the long history of the Church.

That all is not well with us at present, not only in our own country but in many other countries, in the particular matter of the beauty of our religion, must be granted. It is chiefly a matter of the decline of the observance of the liturgy. This decline in liturgical life from the high level it held in the earlier times is, however, not only frankly confessed by the highest authorities in the Church, but it is also being remedied by a growing spirit of practice and obedience to the decrees of Pius X and Pius XI. In the last two decades a fairly large number not only of individual par-

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ishes but of dioceses have set an example of liturgical reconstruction. It must also be confessed, however, that the advance has been difficult and unduly slow.

This is pointed out most emphatically by so prominent and influential a clergyman as Monsignor Joseph H. McMahon of Our Lady of Lourdes Church, New York, writing in the December number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*. Monsignor McMahon gives the weight of his unquestioned authority to certain strictures contained in a previous article in the *Ecclesiastical Review,* which he declares only "stressed the obvious" in criticizing the lack of attention paid to "the plain commands of the Pope as set forth in the famous Motu Proprio of Pius X on church music, and the subsequent utterances of Pius XI enforcing the same instruction." A writer in the *Acolyte,* as Monsignor McMahon observes, has recently referred to many adverse comments made by those outside the Church concerning the slowness of Catholics in carrying out the liturgical reforms set before them by the head of their Church. "If you are ordered by the highest authority in your Church to have a certain sort of music at your services, why do you not obey?" This is the question which the writer in the *Acolyte* said is being put to Catholics. "We have thought that the Roman Catholic Church was a religion of authority," these critics continue. "And again if your Mass is what you say and believe it is, why do you distort and mar it by slovenly performance? Why are you content with the cheapest sort of music?"

Monsignor McMahon went on to remark that while the appearance of an article by a lay writer who "felt called upon to castigate the Lord's anointed, and accepted the hospitality of their own professional magazine to belabor them mightily," was "a portent that might make one rub his eyes in wonderment," still more of a portent was the fact that the editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review* did not receive a single protest from his clerical readers. Monsignor McMahon personally questioned thirty-four individual subscribers of the *Ecclesiastical Review,* of whom not one had bothered to read the article which dealt with so vital a subject. "Neglect of warnings coming even from the laity," remarks Monsignor McMahon, "has more than once brought disaster upon the Church."

The matter extends farther than even the highly important relation it has with Catholic religious life as such. In proportion to the vigor or the feebleness of its manifestations, does the Church affect the world in which it operates. The loyalty of Catholics to the high beauty wrought out through so many centuries in architecture, painting, carving, vestments, ritual and, above all, in the supreme art of music, may perhaps be taken as a true index to the vitality of their faith. If such a loyalty grows lax, the whole life of the Church is enfeebled. Where it is strong and vigorous, the Faith flourishes in a truly apostolic way.

We have mentioned in these columns previously the very successful meeting of the International Society for the Regeneration of Catholic Sacred Music, held in Franfort-on-the-Main, in Germany, in October last. We are indebted to a correspondent for a translation of part of an article by A. Stehle, one of Germany's well-known musical critics, in which the writer points out the revival of liturgical music in the Church is deeply and favorably coöperating with many new movements of musical art outside the boundaries of the Church itself. The work of this society, declares Mr. Stehle, is already exercising a fructifying influence on the creative forces of our own time. The worthy musical works of the past, rejuvenated by adequate performance under the auspices of the association, are opening new avenues and broader vistas for present-day composers. "Scientific researches are also helpful. All art serving the Faith needs development, but it nevertheless must remain in contact with former periods in order to bring the ideas of a new era into conformity with the principles of an older art in the service of the Church. . . . Music of great depth, of absolute truth and convincing sincerity, in the style and synthesis of ancient and modern features, are leading us into unknown fields of sacred music."

We are glad to note that an American composer, Nicholas J. Elsenheimer of New York, was represented among the composers from Holland, Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland, Belgium and Austria, who contributed original works to the program at Frankfort-on-the-Main. We shall soon publish an article by a competent French music critic to prove that many of the most valuable ideas expressed by perhaps the greatest of modern French composers, Debussy, resulted from his deep and sympathetic study of Catholic liturgical music. Such developments will go far toward lessening the dread expressed in some quarters that a return on the part of the Church to its ancient liturgical music is merely reactionary and out of step with modern ideas of progress. And it indeed would be unfortunate if the arts of the liturgy, including architecture, should seek to retrace the paths of the past in search of lost or neglected beauty, at the cost of neglecting the creative impulses of today, and turning its face away from the dawn of the future. In other words, mere imitation, a slavish faithfulness to tradition, cannot be sufficient. But experience amply proves that no such fear need be entertained. So vitalizing are the influences of the liturgy that its development can only lead into new fields of artistic effort when they are properly understood and correlated with original impulses of our own day.

We hope that the newly organized Liturgical Art Society is one more sign that the Church in the United States will gradually, and perhaps more than gradually, cease to deserve such criticism as that dealt with by Monsignor McMahon and by the writer in the *Acolyte,* and that on the paths of beauty as well as those of truth and goodness (and indeed, all three paths are one) it shall lead the way in the ministry of beauty through religion.

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THE FREE STATE MOVES FORWARD

By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

Americans are already familiar with the practical genius of the Irish: they have been great builders of railroads for us, they have been and are leaders in all forms of construction work and many phases of America's vast industries, and they have shown a peculiar aptitude for practical politics. It therefore seemed of great interest to know something about what they were doing at home since their final liberation from English domination. Mr. O'Sheel's narrative is factual and gives a comprehensive survey of a spring-tide in human affairs on the bright green little island.—The Editors.

THERE are only about three millions souls in the Irish Free State. The total population of Ireland is not much more than four millions. From the windows of the commodious Irish consulate-general on the thirty-second floor of New York's tallest (for the time being) skyscraper, one looks over an area where live and labor more people than there are between the four seas of Erin. The genial consul-general, Mr. William J. B. Macaulay, took it is an acceptable pleasantry when I said that it would not take many Chrysler Buildings to house the entire citizenry of his native land.

But if the Irish nation is small, the Irish race is numerous; Irish blood pure or predominant flows in the veins of forty million people. The old question—how does Ireland stand?—is therefore of lively and unfailing interest around the globe, but particularly in the United States, where thirty of the forty million live. In the eight years since the cessation of militant strife in the old country and the establishment of the Irish Free State, the space given in American papers to despatches from Dublin and other Irish points has constantly increased. One of the most interesting and significant bits of news regarding Irish progress, however, came to light recently in New York. This it was that brought me to Mr. Macaulay's office, for it particularly concerned the consul-general, his rights and his powers.

The consul-general of the Irish Free State to this republic began, soon after the post was established in September, 1930, to issue passports for Irish nationals leaving these shores for any part of the world. Thus another step, of both practical and symbolic significance, was taken in that slow patient process by which the full national status of Ireland—or, for the time being, of that part of Ireland comprised within the Free State—is being established among the nations of the world. Since 1922, the year of the Treaty of London, the Free State has issued its own passports to its nationals leaving its own shores. Prior to 1925, anyone going to Ireland had to secure a British visa for his credentials. In that year Mr. Mathew Murphy was appointed visa officer of the Free State in New York, and thenceforth anyone traveling from America direct to Ireland had to secure an Irish visa.

But a vexatious condition continued to irk roving citizens of the Free State. The Irish have been called a restless and a wandering race. It is at least true that there is no corner of the earth to which they have not penetrated, and no land where they are not to be found. The government of a nation of three millions cannot, however, afford to maintain consular officers in all the ports of the world. In New York, Paris, Berlin, yes; but not, for the present, in Rio and Montevideo and Bluefields, in Canton and Yokahama and Vladivostok, in Helsingfors and Antwerp and Cadiz. The wandering Irishmen in these far places had perforce to turn for service or protection to British consular officers. Since their homeland is retained, at British insistence, within the circle of the British Commonwealth of Nations, they have good ground for claiming such service and protection. But British consuls have been in the habit of looking coldly upon the applicant who came bearing an Irish passport. Their good offices, as they saw the matter, were at the call only of British subjects. The one prime fact resulting from the Treaty of London, however, is that the Free State Irish are no longer British subjects. The holder of an Irish passport is described as a citizen of the Irish Free State, and the issuing power is denominated Irish Free State, British Commonwealth of Nations. An Irish national traveling on such a passport in America, and desiring to proceed from this country to some less favored land, had to rely on the services of British consular officers along his route, which they were reluctant to give.

There have been, in consequence, long and intricate negotiations, quietly carried on; but the Irish have at last won their point, and British consuls around the globe and between the poles now recognize the call upon their services of the holder of an Irish passport. The settlement of this question was followed by the establishment of the Free State consulate-general in this country, and the bestowal upon Mr. Macaulay of our State Department's exequatur.

Mr. Macaulay, who prior to taking up his present duties was stationed at the right hand of the Irish Free State minister to Washington, looks with optimistic eye upon the present state and future prospects of the gallant little nation he represents. That no prize was drawn for Ireland from the recent Imperial Conference does not disturb him. Like other shrewd observers whose opinions are not molded by newspaper publicity, he expected little from that gathering. The one thing the Free State asked—an explicit renunciation of the pretensions of the British Privy Council to overrule or even review decisions of the Irish Supreme Court—was denied it, by the votes of

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Britain, New Zealand and Canada; the first moved by natural self-interest, the second by intense loyalty to Britain, and Canada by the fact that the French element in that dominion look upon the right of appeal to His Majesty in Council as a precious safeguard of their interests. All proposals of Imperial Preference fell flat at the conference, too. Mr. Macaulay believes that Imperial Preference would be to the benefit of the Free State, provided a formula were found retaining to his government the right to pursue a policy of protection as to those industries it has set itself particularly to foster. But if a possible advantage was missed, no disadvantage resulted. Ireland, in common with all the units of the commonwealth, now grants a one-third reduction in tariffs upon the products of all other commonwealth units.

In the matter of the Privy Council appeal also, Mr. Macaulay asserts that the Free State has suffered no setback. British insistence put into the Free State constitution a provision that nothing in that instrument should impair the right of any person to petition the king for leave to appeal from the Supreme Court to His Majesty in Council. The provision is explicit. But it was written in 1922. Four years later, the first Imperial Conference made a declaration which is properly, nay inevitably, taken as the point of departure for a completely new constitutional conception. This declaration of 1926, wholly concurred in by the British government, proclaimed the complete coequality of all members of the commonwealth. This of necessity meant a renunciation by the British Parliament and government of any right or intention of imposing their will upon any nation in the group; it brushed aside all right or pretension of Britain to limit the sovereignty of any other member of the commonwealth. The Irish contention is that to vest in a British body the right to overrule a decision of the highest Irish court, would be clearly to limit sovereignty, and that therefore the declaration of 1926 of necessity nullified the last clause of Article 66 of the Free State constitution.

Pending a formal renunciation of the right to entertain an appeal to the Privy Council, the Oireacthas, or Free State Congress, Mr. Macaulay asserts (agreeing with the strong statement made over the radio by Foreign Minister McGilligan on November 9), will continue to nullify by special enactment any decision which His Majesty's English advisors may make overruling the Free State Supreme Court. It will doubtless be demonstrated in good time that constitutions develop forward but not backward.

The plasticity of the British constitution has long been an English boast. It has become a commonplace that the constitution of the United States, written though it be and pretending immutability, is in constant process of mutation. There is nothing, in fact, more unstable than a constitution. The Irish Free State constitution is and will be exactly what the Irish people wish and are able to make it. It is the child of the treaty, and the treaty was sired by war and born of compromise. Anomaly is written large over the face of this constitution. It was framed by a constituent assembly of a provisional government, a wholly revolutionary body, and it proclaims that all power and authority of government in Ireland are derived from the people of Ireland. At the same time it solemnly embodies provisions deriving not from the will of the Irish people but from the constraint of British power. In Ireland as elsewhere there are many parties, many schools of political thought; but the prime division of Irish opinion is between those who think that the Free State is a wholly independent sovereign state endowed with all the blessings of liberty, and those who hold that its sovereignty is impaired and incomplete, and its people not yet wholly free. There are, undoubtedly, many who view things in the latter light, but who think it tactically wise to proclaim the complete reality of their freedom, and to act upon that assumption as the best means of making the wish become the reality. It is the prevailing Irish strategy.

Consul-General Macaulay is a believer in the present complete, unimpaired sovereignty of his nation. There is realistic shrewdness in his contention that the Free State is freer, for instance, than certain small Continental powers which are tied to France in financial and military matters. The overwhelming preponderance of Irish sentiment throughout the world supports the Free State and favors the orderly development of national institutions and the national strength. But the Irish race throughout the world, particularly those members of it who maintain an active and organized interest in Irish destinies, look forward to a time when Ireland, the whole of Ireland, shall be a nation without even the shadow of a doubt upon her sovereign status and complete independence; unpartitioned, republican in government, sharing no king with other kingdoms and dominions, constrained to yield no naval bases to another power, held in no circle of commonwealth or empire. Many who cherish this ideal fear there is grave danger that the Free State government will inevitably drift too far to the right. Mr. Macaulay does not share that fear. Time will tell whether his faith is happily justified. He is a diplomat and an executive rather than a politician.

Mr. Macaulay is also deeply versed in the economic realities of the Irish situation, and in respect to them is most encouragingly optimistic. Ireland remains predominantly an agricultural country, and will long so remain. Britain is beyond any comparison Ireland's greatest customer. A good market in Britain for her beef, mutton, pork, dairy products, fish, grain and garden produce, is the basis of Irish prosperity. Working along lines previously laid down by Sir Horace Plunkett and George Russell, the Free State agricultural authorities by enforcing standards of quality and packing have won a wider market than ever for Irish butter and eggs. British, Scots and other foreign steam trawlers had been taking the fish from Irish waters under the noses of Irish fishermen in their sail-

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boats. The government is aiding the Irish coast dwellers to command modern boats and equipment to wrest the fisheries from the intruders. The lot of several thousand of the most poverty-bitten people along the western coast has been greatly ameliorated by government aid and instruction in the most effective treatment of kelp and Carrigeen moss, two products salvaged from the sea, the former being a source of iodine and the latter a foodstuff and delicacy.

The long process by which the Irish people are painfully repossessing themselves of the land expropriated from them in other centuries has been greatly accelerated by the new government. Between March, 1923, and March, 1929, 358,000 acres of untenanted land was divided among agricultural holders. In addition, 39,362 acres of tenanted land had been taken over and alloted to 1,168 holders during the same period, and nearly 140,000 more acres of tenanted land had been gazetted preparatory to vesting in new proprietors. Moreover, 110,000 acres of untenanted land acquired from estates prior to the setting up of the Free State, has been divided by the present authorities among the land-hungry people of the west, who for three centuries scratched a meager living from bog and rock while the stranger's cattle fed on the fat lands which once were theirs. The Free State government, in short, has made phenomenal progress in settling the land question. The soil of Ireland belongs again to the Irish.

The Free State is one of the few European countries comparatively prosperous. The national debt, including bonds and other obligations, amounts to 22,528,000 pounds sterling. The revenue from taxes for the fiscal year 1929-1930 was over 24,172,000 pounds sterling. Expenditure is kept well within receipts. The place given to education in the Free State budget is notable; in the estimates for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1931, 4,500,000 pounds sterling is earmarked for that service, out of a total of 22,800,000 pounds. The Irish budget has balanced from the first. Meanwhile the adverse trade balance has been reduced by 47 percent. Property subject to income tax has increased by nearly $25,000,000. The Free State's credit is of the highest. The National Loan bonds command a price of 105 in the home market and are at a good premium in Wall Street. A recent issue of agricultural credit bonds was oversubscribed, at 101, within an hour.

Tariff questions bid fair to be as constant and lively a topic of controversy in Ireland as they have been for a century in this country. Demand for protection of agricultural products grows more insistent. A small nation, industrially impoverished by misrule, and compelled to find its best market in a contiguous industrial country, is beset by many difficulties in establishing a protective policy. Beginnings have been made, however, which have greatly benefited certain Irish industries, capital has been drawn out and given courage to invest in Ireland, and employment has accordingly risen.

The completion and instant success of the Shannon electrification scheme is perhaps the brightest achievement of an Irish government in Irish control. It was originally thought that the second stage of this development might have to be initiated within ten years of the completion of the first stage; but in fact, work had to begin on the second stage six months after the current began to flow from the original plant. Cheap and abundant electricity is available to all Ireland.

On the cultural side, the government has steadily fostered the revival of the national language, that mellifluous Gaelic which is the key to all the intellectual powers and spiritual treasures of a great and ancient people. The growls of the stupid and the rage of the reactionaries gradually die down. Today no school can exist in Ireland where Gaelic is not taught; tomorrow no Irishman can enter any of the professions nor fill any position under government without a knowledge of the national tongue. The saving of the Irish-speaking population of the Gaeltacht, which includes areas in the west and in the south, is being accomplished by a special program of putting the people on economic land holdings, and by the teaching of all subjects in the schools through the medium of Gaelic.

The one great sorrow of Ireland today is the cruel partition of the motherland. No one dreams of coercing the six counties humorously known as Northern Ireland. But the separatists of that area, despite their curious bigotries, are not only an excellent people—they are notably hard-headed and practical. While the Free State forges ahead in prosperity, Northern Ireland languishes, sees its industries sicken and die, beholds its politicians betray its workers and its farmers. The evil disunion accomplished by man must be undone and the United Ireland of God's plan and the patriot's dream must eventually come to new reality by force of economic circumstances and common sense.

It may well be that before the able first consul-general of the Irish Free State in this country is promoted to higher things, he will yet represent that United Ireland. Nothing could give more joy to the Irish heart of William J. B. Macaulay.

Shakespeare

Hills gleaming in the sun and streams of gold
That flow through morning meadows, every flower
That jewels English earth, the lore that's told
By country hearths, the greenwood's magic power,
And all warm kinship with the clay of life—
This and a finer spirit made the man
Who saw with understanding eyes the strife
And splendor of the spacious court, the span
Of wide-encircling, rich humanity,
The glamor of adventure in new lands,
The glory of achievement on the sea,
The woven grammarye of makers' hands;
He loved and suffered, and he wrote the whole
In living letters on a deathless scroll.

MARY SETON.

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Places and Persons

HARVEY WICKHAM

By JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

HARVEY WICKHAM is dead, and those of us who were much in his debt can ill afford his loss. During his last years his name was much bandied about and had become familiar in both good and ill repute. Those who saw with him, eye to eye, were quick to praise him, extravagantly. Others were not so kind.

He was constantly poking fun at the modern temper, and of all crimes of *lèse-majesté* this is by all odds the worst. Materialistic philosophers are essentially and notoriously without humor, and Harvey Wickham had begun to annoy the smug complacency which is their chief stock in trade. He had been laughing at them, and they are constantly unable to understand laughter, which is, as I understand it, a divine gift. He was also guilty of another offense against the high dignity of the world, almost, if not quite, as grievous as the first. He was having the better of the argument. And the world was beginning to fight back. This in itself was indicative of future greatness. When the end came he was on the threshold of fame.

He had published three noteworthy books, two of them—"The Misbehaviorists" and "The Unrealists"—destined, I think, in due time, to be called great. "The Impuritans" also was a fine and clever piece of writing, and easily predicted the extent of those powers which Wickham soon turned to his more serious tasks. It was from "The Impuritans" that he went on, gracefully and by well defined gradation, to his better and best work.

They were all three, in a sense, unworldly books, for they laughed, gently but fearlessly, at that on which the world so loves to pride itself—its worldliness. And the world, to show its displeasure, did that which it always does in such cases. It attempted to ignore the man who had written them. But Wickham could not safely be ignored. Like the indicted politician in the newspapers, he knew too much. Consequently the world reverted to form and did another characteristic thing. It began to abuse him. Abuse, however, failed to ruffle him. In his bag of tricks was one, which, all unknowingly, had been denied his opponents. He had a sense of humor. He had more than this. He was able to think, clearly and correctly; to draw a logical conclusion. It was this which disturbed the moderns. It perplexed the philosophers and made them less sure of themselves; and they liked it not at all.

Wickham wondered, and to his dying day never ceased to wonder at this perplexity, and was bothered by it. He considered his own mental processes quite uncomplicated. He had merely "applied, with what success it is not for me to say, the principles of Scholasticism to some of the facts—including some of the newly discovered facts—of life, and also some of the long since moldy falsehoods of the newer philosophers." It would appear, at first thought, that this method was simplicity in itself. And, perhaps, no better indication can be given of how we are drifting, than the fact that Wickham's method should have struck us as odd, as queer. No wonder he was surprised.

It was not, however, his method that was the sole cause of the uneasiness that he sponsored. It was his purpose. The purpose which he had in mind when he sat himself down to write. That was the reason for all the to-do, all the alarms. And his purpose was simply this: he was out to resist a great change that was creeping over and attempting to smash his world.

In the first chapter of "The Misbehaviorists"—a chapter called "The Modern Mind"—Harvey Wickham quotes from Hilaire Belloc's delightful little essay, "Cheerful Thoughts on Christmas." As a companion piece he also quotes from a very different sort of article, which Joseph Wood Krutch wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1927. Both men are discussing and admitting the existence of the modern temper. Krutch writes:

> The romantic ideal of a world well lost for love, and the classic ideal of austere dignity seem equally ridiculous, equally meaningless when referred, not to the temper of the past, but to the temper of the present.

Belloc thinks:

> It [is] foolish to disguise from ourselves the plain fact that, in the societies which abandoned the Faith in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the last supports of Christian doctrine are breaking down very rapidly indeed. . . . The old feeling that the doctrines were sacred and intangible, and that attack upon them was intolerable, has so utterly passed that the modern generation does not even understand it. . . There has been hardly any defense, hardly any resistance; the last remainder of the creed . . . has been allowed to slip away unnoticed like the last few coins of a fortune dissipated by a man so debauched as to have lost his memory.

Krutch had suggested that this change in the popular idea of what life really is had come only after a struggle; that science had forced man to give up his ideals.

Wickham set himself the task of coming to the defense of the old doctrines, once sacred and intangible. He was anxious to know what all this pother about science really amounts to; he asks:

> Does science represent the world as the world really is? Can we say that there is any likelihood of the scien-

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> tific picture being more photographically perfect than is, or was, the romantic picture?

He wanted to know, and this is the most important of his questions:

> Are all scientists in agreement so that there is little or no choice of opinion offered? Are their theories themselves logically consistent? What, precisely, is science? And, finally, have its findings been faithfully reported to us?

He answers all these questions, completely and without quibble, and the result is most surprising.

In the same chapter he states his creed, if such it may be called. It is, rather, a philosophy of life. And it is not in accord with the teachings and dogmas of the materialistic philosophers. For Wickham believed in and loved tradition. He was a lover of the classic ideal of austere dignity and of the romantic ideal of a world well lost for love; a world which, willy-nilly, was slipping away either all unnoticed, or after a vain and losing struggle. He writes:

> Both Belloc and Krutch agree that the world has changed—that is, that the popular idea as to what life really is, has changed. They differ only as to the sentiment with which the mass of the population are supposed to regard the alterations which have taken place in the view. Belloc, who is a Catholic, believes that Protestants at least are quite satisfied to have lost the world of "poetry, mythology and religion." . . . Krutch, the radical editor, suggests that there has been a struggle, that science has forced man to give up the world as he would like to have it and to accept the world as he has gradually come to discover it—not by making the lost world undesirable but by making it seem ridiculous and without actuality.
>
> Krutch, I think, is right, in so far as the vast majority are concerned. They have resisted. Protestants as well as Catholics, and many who are neither Catholics nor Protestants. . . . They have struggled. They still struggle. But there is an ever-increasing demand from some quarters that the struggle be given up in despair.

But Harvey Wickham—who was neither Protestant nor Catholic—was not of the stuff which easily gives up in despair. He was to struggle up to the very last and his biting satire was to leave wounds which would be long in healing. With his whole soul and with his whole heart he believed in his fight and, as he puts it, he plunged merrily into it, for he was always merry. And he fought very well. He hated above all things the fraud and buncombe which has come to honeycomb the modern concepts of what is called science, and he had a bludgeon, in logic and common sense, with which to crack many august and well-domed heads. Only he found the heads empty when he had cracked them, and he was, for one, not at all surprised.

To be held up to ridicule is, at all times, disconcerting to dignity, and the intellectuals fought back, viciously. Wickham, who had, thank God, no dignity, was belabored. He was compared to a Pomeranian "triumphantly yapping at a group of Great Danes." Surely a very small triumph even though the Great Danes might have been just as easily called Great Nordics. Some of us who should have known better, who should have been the first to sense what Wickham was about, were not at all pleased with him.

Yet he did not seem to mind. For all his satire, for all his expert bludgeoning, he remained to the end a kindly gentleman. He did not lose his good nature. There is one infallible test of this and it is, that he was considerate of his critics, those critics at whom he loved to laugh, good humoredly. He was, for instance, much kinder to Mr. H. L. Mencken than was Mr. Mencken to him. He was vastly amused when, after all his years of swashbuckling, Mr. Mencken suddenly found himself remembered by a Catholic editor who promised to pray for him. It was the sort of thing that would appeal to Wickham. Mr. Mencken merely sneered and, having mistaken him for a Catholic, proceeded to find fault with the Church for trying to make him out a great fellow. When Mr. Axton Clark, in the New York *Times Book Review,* called him a Pomeranian and, not content with that, further compared him to "a lost lamb bleating on the mountains," Wickham chuckled and quoted him. Surely, if it be a special mark of competence to be able to laugh at your own foibles, along with the other fellow's, Wickham was very competent.

He was not, unfortunately, of the Faith, but he was, undoubtedly, of the tradition and culture of that Christendom from which our Western civilization has sprung. He was more than that, for by his own admission he was a devotee of Catholic art, music, organization, political science, literature and philosophy, and this may in great measure explain the antagonism which this life held for him.

His religious beliefs were, I take it, a matter which concerned him and him, alone. Whatever he was, he paid everlasting homage to the truth in a manner befitting a Catholic actionist of the best sort. He picked up the great bogy of so-called science in his very skilful fingers, and took it apart to see what made it go. And when he had found out, he called to all the world to come and look that he might be sure that it saw what he saw. Then he laid the bogy to rest, once and for all, and as he did so he laughed gleefully and boyishly. It was not his fault if some there were who would not or could not see the joke, for the joke was there. Or maybe it was a monstrous hoax that he found and those who did not laugh were frightened by it.

Yes, Harvey Wickham is dead, and those of us who admired him shall miss him and pray for his eternal peace and happiness.

Fetters

Only in fetters,
Is liberty:
Without its banks,
Could a river be?

LOUIS GINSBERG.

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RADICALISM AND MASS PRODUCTION

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THE TRUE meaning of radicalism (that word so feared by comfortable Americans) indicates the tendency in man to go to the very roots of things, to find out what they mean and to act accordingly with great thoroughness. Its false meaning, which has been fairly universally accepted by those who currently call themselves radicals and are called radicals by their unthinking neighbors, indicates a tendency, not to go to the roots analytically, but to uproot everything violently without examining and testing, to see where the thing lies with which one is dissatisfied. That frame of mind is somewhat like that of an amateur gardener who pulls up and throws away his sickly plants instead of removing the fat grub that is feeding on the roots.

Our radicals—pink, red, or wearing some light mauve shade of complexion—are terribly impatient of the words, "original sin." Of course they would be, if they reject, as they do, all possibility of a Divine act by which man came into being. Yet, those who do admit that possibility can see quite well also the possibility of headstrong man, endowed with free will, exercising that free will, while still on trial as a new creature in the world, in violation of a Divine law, with the result that he has never reached or recovered the full degree of equilibrium between his reason and his desires which is the perfection of human character. Inherent lack of balance consequent upon such an act and a perpetual and mostly unsuccessful struggle to achieve balance between reason and desire might be that phenomenon in human nature which is generally referred to as the inheritance of original sin. Whether man admits the indication of his reason or not, that there is a purpose in his existence and that this purpose could only have been placed there by a Being more powerful than himself (with all the attributes that his reason indicates that Being must necessarily possess), any thinking man must admit that lack of balance between reason and desire is the outstanding and most noteworthy characteristic of man. Any number of thinking men, during the whole course of the history of civilization, have recognized that fact and all have attempted and are attempting to restore that balance in some way. Very many attempt to do so without recognizing any supernatural reason for its existence.

As scientific knowledge increases, as more positive territory is gained from the vast field of the unknown, more and more keenly intellectual minds recognize that it is hopeless to attempt to find an adequate answer to the ordered plan which they find everywhere, the definite laws of progression which they are beginning to see clearly, without considering the possibility of a Master Mind, an initiator of everything. The best minds today are beginning to see the "how" of things; many are being led back to consideration of the "why."

It is not necessarily a reproach to the scientific mind that it seeks reasons outside of Divine revelation. It is perfectly legitimate in the field of speculation to prescind entirely from the idea of a Creator, and see if the human mind is capable of discovering any other possible reason for the being of things as they are in the universe. To do so does not mean to the scientific mind that there is any incompatibility whatever between science and religion. It may mean that to the unscientific mind dabbling in science; it cannot mean that to the scientist. To him it means only an attempt to go as far as pure human reason will take one on a fascinating voyage of discovery. Those who go far enough, who go to the end, inevitably make their avowal: the scientific mind finds the End—and the Beginning. Your true scientist is a true radical. He goes to the roots of things, and his acquired knowledge forces him to recognize what is at the roots of things.

The "out" in the system is the behavior of man. Man is out of harmony with the universe. What put him out of an order and harmony which prevail everywhere else? Evidently, abuse of reason and free will; discord, lack of balance between reason and desire. It is so difficult to restore that balance that any real measure of readjustment is commonly called "heroic virtue"; that is, virtue, or strength, more than the average unthinking man can be expected to show, and men who have been able to restore the balance in measurable degree are canonized. We call them saints. It is not the method each such hero may use in his own case that is primarily interesting, but the fact that each, by widely varying methods, has been able to restore a measure of equilibrium between his reason and his desires, and that is true of every just man, whether he is officially recognized as a saint or not, whether he is simply an employer of men in ordinary life or a man employed. Every saint is a radical, and every just man is a radical, for he has found the roots of things.

Perhaps the first converts from the barbarous Northern tribes which came surging down upon Christian Rome were men of extravagant desires, which needed extreme measures in the opposite direction to balance them. Whatever the cause, it is certain that in the new civilization they founded in Europe, during the middle ages, very heavy emphasis was laid on extreme austerity. Perhaps in part it came down from the tradition of the still earlier years of Christianity, the Simon Stylites and the anchorites of the very early days, when the new flower of Christianity was planted in the slimy corruption of a putrefied paganism. The same tradition found more recent expression in the Puritans' stern self-repression and harshness to others. For a time the Society of Friends, the Quakers, seemed to have found a meas-

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ure of balance in their belief that man was given the world to live in and to enjoy, and that he had a full right as a Christian to enjoy it, provided his reason and his desires balanced.

Today we see religion challenged more frequently on this basis than on any other ground. Men who pride themselves on their intellectual achievements but who have not gone to the roots of things, challenge the compatibility of religion and science; men who work with their hands and suffer under the complexities of a civilization based on mechanics, challenge religion as an invention of men to deaden the sensibilities of the sufferer, by promising him some vague future life as a reward for patient submission to being exploited in this life, for the benefit of a hypocritical and greedy few. Soviet Russia puts it thus: Religion is the opium of the people. Even into our own Catholic life, symptoms are creeping of contamination by this general spirit. Everywhere, in published reports of Catholic charities and even in the pulpit, we read and hear of work undertaken by "the privileged" for "the unprivileged." What, in the name of the Christian religion and sound democracy is the meaning of "privileged" and "unprivileged" used in this way? Does the possession of wealth truly and properly confer privilege? Does the lack of wealth make a man unprivileged? There is something wrong there, somewhere.

Balance, equilibrium, is the thing. The balanced Christian, his reason and his desires adjusted as nearly as he can make them, is the corner-stone of the Church and the corner-stone of civil government. He is the citizen, in Church and State, in the city of God and the city of man. He is the simple, steady, reasoning and balanced type to whose production all our education should tend. Nowhere in the world is there a better field for his production and development than in the United States. There is no reason whatever why such a citizen of Church and State should not enjoy to the fullest degree everything that God has put into a well-ordered world—to be enjoyed, not as a stumbling block to his feet. The test of his right to enjoy them all lies in the equilibrium between his reason and his desires. No one in the world but the true radical can meet the false radical with any measure of success. No one but the man who searches the roots of things can reach out his hand in perfect understanding to the man who uproots all existing things in his despair. It is the balanced individual who counts.

"Society" means nothing at all; "the masses" means nothing at all; "humanity," "man," means nothing, unless in the sense of the individual man. That is a serious reflection, for here, in the United States, where the individual might reach his fullest development, "mass production" in industry is affecting our mentality. We are truly becoming "masses" in our own minds. Individuality is actually resented. Anything which differs from the quantity product of man is looked at with suspicion by those who insist that all shall be of one pattern. Even among ourselves that is creeping in, in our own universal Church, wherein Catholic means universal, and means, if it has any definite meaning at all, that the Church is composed of every possible kind of individual, as widely different as an infinite God has made them, no two alike in fact, but all united and bound together by a common set of guiding first principles. The deplorable trend to hammer and mold all men to one narrow pattern is a positive danger to Church and State alike.

MONTH OF THE HOLY INFANCY

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

THE YEAR begins—on a January morning, cold and early. The earth lies frozen under her strewings of snow. There is no wind, and a great silence broods over the fields; the faint bleating of a winter lamb only accentuates the stillness, as it creeps from the lambing-hut with its tale of life beginning in struggle and distress. It is the only sound in all that frost-bound stillness, and it is a sound of woe.

No promise shows in all that hard, dark soil. Surely nothing can live on the frozen grass, or in the waters of the pond that lie black under their scum of ice. The sun himself looks feeble as he tries in vain to disperse the January clouds, and the long beam that at last goes down into the woods contains no warmth and only the palest light. The fields are bound—waterlogged ditches, half-frozen soil, hedges of bare, spindled thorn. The fields are silent—birdless, windless, lifeless; they have no voice but the cry of the lamb.

* * * *

It is a week now since "when all things were in a quiet silence and that night in the midst of her swift course" the Eternal Word leaped from the throne of the heavens to the throne of straw. For a week He has shared the bed and shelter of the ox. Unable to do more than feed and cry, He has lain in Mary's arms and cried for her breast. Out into the star-pricked winter darkness creeps the wailing of the speechless Word. He is the Word—He cannot speak. He is the Energy That set the worlds in motion—He lies helpless on His mother's lap.

But now a new note has come into His cry of hunger and helplessness—the note of pain. He Who is the End of the law submits to the means He has ordained for approaching Himself. He Who is the Light of the World enters the thick darkness where Moses found God. He will make Sinai a foothill to Calvary. . . . "Verily I say unto you, I am not come to destroy but to fulfil"—perhaps to destroy by ful-

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filling, as an ancient bottle is burst with new-made wine. The veil of the temple is rent in twain at the cry of "Consummatum est," and in that hour the law of Moses stands both destroyed and fulfilled.

So the Child in Mary's arms is really a mighty, propitiatory Child. The Precious Blood did not fall only on Calvary but at Bethlehem. It was there that the fountain was first opened for sin and uncleanness, in the first dark hours of the year. As the winter sun shall mount at last into the blazing heavens of July, so He too will pass through shattering equinoxes of redemption to His ascended summer calm.

But our New Year's worship is for Him in His winter helplessness, His smallness, His obedience to the frosty fierceness of the law. He is the pattern of our faith—its helpfulness in its first struggle for life (for what are its two thousand years in His sight but as yesterday?)—its smallness, as it lies in the stable of humble intellects and impulsive hearts—its half-conscious obedience to laws which are the patterns of heavenly things—its blood-shedding in that obedience. . . . We are often too confident of our faith, just as our enemies are too contemptuous of it—we and they forget that it is still only a child, existing chiefly by desire, by feeling, by necessity.

The age of that Child made obedient unto the law, and in the shedding of blood first given His human name, is not more disproportionate to the age of the law than is the age of the kingdom of heaven to the age of the earth. Millions and millions of years ago life first appeared—a small helpless thing, scarcely distinguishable from the inorganic mass, in constant danger of being stamped out by the mighty forces around it. Throughout long ages it developed so slowly that its growth would be almost imperceptible to the watchman of a thousand years . . . and as it grew, it submitted itself to the law. Terrific forces bound it, molded it, complicated it, regulated it, evolved it.

We see the domain of the law stretching back from the circumcised Christ, far beyond the priestly code, far beyond the days of Moses on the Mount, back to the prehistoric ages of the world, when in some dim secret place of the sea there was a change, a miraculous birth. In the same way we see the dominion of grace, stretching forward from the Child of that winter's day, beyond His helpless infancy and suffering manhood, beyond His Cross, beyond His empty grave, beyond the Mount of His Ascension, on into the far future of the world, when having grown to manhood and shared His Cross, it is raised at last to share His throne.

On the feast of the Circumcision the old and the new kingdoms meet—the kingdom of nature and the kingdom of supernature, the kingdom of the law and the kingdom of grace. We do not understand why the greater submits to the less, why grace is content to suffer under the law, why the New King weeps and the Old King carries the sword.

"I am not come to destroy but to fulfil." . . . Not only the law of Moses, but the whole Old Testament of the world's history—that which we call, understanding but in part, the law of nature. The supernatural life does not come to destroy the natural, but to fulfil it, not to supplant but to complete it. Grace fulfils the law, the spirit raises matter to the right hand of God. On the feast of the Circumcision the sacramental wonder has begun.

So we watch the New Life lying on the winter's lap, submitting Itself humbly and sweetly to nature and mankind, surrounded by dangers that threaten It—the shouts of Herod's soldiers are not far off—suffering the pains and indignities that accompany Its surrender to our limitations, baptizing Itself into our humanity with blood. Mary and Joseph—the loving and the wise among us—know that It will live best in the warm air of simplicity, homeliness and familiarity, of childhood and the hearth. It must be sheltered from the windy blasts of dispute, and wrapped from the frosts of prohibitions; It must not be brought into the cold halls of pomposity, nor starved by cutting off from the six days of common things. . . . Mary and Joseph must be careful guardians of the New Life if It is to grow through the slow ages of the world's future—as life grew humble and close to the ground through the ages of her past—till It is old enough to claim Its manhood—till It attains at last to the full stature of the Cross.

In Exitu Israel

"When Israel out of Egypt came
Along a desert way—"
Helen Parry Eden.

When Israel into Egypt went
Along a desert way,
What friendly torches gave them light?
What fiery flame was guide by night,
What radiant cloud by day?
For Joseph sped in fear and dread,
The very stars grew pale,
While Mary wept, and Jesus slept
Upon her bosom frail.

When Israel into Egypt went
The Red Sea, as they fled
Was blood of children innocent
That flowed for Him, and meekly lent
A pathway for His tread.
And all the skies were filled with cries
Of mothers anguishéd.

When Israel into Egypt went
The two were filled with fear,
But Jesus small was ruling all
And trouble came not near.
When I alone walk paths unknown
Through perils none may say,
Oh, bear Thou me sweet company,
Dear *Jesu Parvule!*

Sister Mary of the Visitation.

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DIALOGUE IN HEAVEN

By FRANKLYN J. KENNEDY

IT WAS a byroad in the city of Golden Streets; cool, inviting to pensiveness, unlike the monotonous stretches of sand and sea that make up the country around Landes, in France. Alone, given over to thought, a man was seated. The black-soutaned figure betrayed a peace fused with seeming sorrow—a man mellowed by a life spent seeking Christ in His poor. Mankind, in his seventy odd years on earth, he had seen float by: in the gutter, on the wings of a cherubim. Man's baseness he well knew and made allowance for; man's majesty he caught glimpses of and strove to augment. Such living, such seeking, had left its mark on the time-sanctified face.

Plainly he was disturbed; in a way, however, that did not call for frantic rushing to and fro, frenzied weeping or hysteric speech. He was disconcerted in a way befitting a gentleman and a saint. He knew all would come out aright in time. Waiting for "in time" made for disquietude.

His reverie was broken by a more-than-man approaching. The white cassock and skull cap announced the man a Pope. For years "as great as Peter's" he had borne troubles more than human. With decisive hand and inflexible will he had held the Bark of Peter to its course during the ageing years of the nineteenth, and the toddling ones of the twentieth century. The task had left him little changed. He still carried the tall, broad-shouldered frame of the mountaineer, the eagle features, the well-knit growth of strength that had marked him in his prime.

The seated man saw the revered Pontiff and arose to welcome him.

"Might I share your seclusion and your thoughts, Vincent?" the Pope said. "You look a bit worried; almost perturbed, except that I know you are never such. A man who did the work you did is never perturbed. Or are you heart-sick?"

"Holy Father—"

"If you insist on titles, I shall call you Saint Vincent de Paul. Call me 'Leo'; the other twelve aren't around and you won't have to add 'the Thirteenth.' Are not the woods idyllic? They remind me of the Vatican gardens or the freer, wilder country about my native Carpiento. And to you, I suppose, they seem the replica of that lonely spot where you said your first Mass or the country around your first curacy at Clichy.

"But why so sad, Vincent? You looked, as I happened upon you, as though you were seriously thinking of rearranging the nurseries here in heaven or else ordering Francis Thompson therefrom. Don't please; he does belong there, if for nothing else than his charming verses to the Child Jesus."

"No; not that. My people, Leo. My heart aches for them, the poor that crowd and always will crowd the earth; my hungry, wretched, lonely people. And you, too, should be a bit worried."

"Why? I have been received as a faithful servant and heard the 'Well done' that I didn't deserve. At least, not so heartily. Why should I be worried?"

"Well, you really are to blame for my being upset. Back in what the world reckons as 1855 or so, you had me proclaimed as the special patron of all charitable societies."

"Yes; and who was a more fitting one?"

"Any number, but I defer to Your Holiness's judgment. As a result, my name is used right and left. And really, I'm always busy interceding for some of the societies. They are becoming so efficient that they forget to be charitable. I feel, since you made me their patron, a bit responsible. But what to do?"

"Your people. And mine, too, Vincent. My heart ached at the yoke which a small number of rich men was able to lay upon the masses of the laboring poor, a yoke little better than that of slavery itself. Their misery and wretchedness have haunted me many a night. I went to no little trouble to try to remedy matters: sought advice on the subject, pondered over it, issued encyclicals. And it seems to no avail. Not wholly, thank God, but in great part. True, your fair France is becoming enlivened along these lines, and sturdy Belgium, and parts of Germany, and even reborn England. But most of all, America, of which I expected much, is disappointing. Your people, my people, the poor our Master loved—ah! one would question the why of their stark poverty were it not for Bethlehem's stable. But did I wrong you in appointing you protector of the many groups who seek to aid the poor?"

"Oh, no. You never wronged anyone, Leo. Maybe I expect too much of people. Maychance they have changed much since I lived."

"No, I don't think so, Vincent. It's only twenty-seven of their years since I quitted the world. They are much the same. And think of how many groups are at your work, helping the poor. In America alone, there are several thousand societies. In some of their larger cities they have as many as a hundred branches. Surely, they are carrying on what you began; feebly perhaps, but then Saint Vincents are rare."

"Most ably they seem to be carrying on. The number of reports they publish, endless statistics—all this shows industry. In such a maze of detail, though—cross-indexes, elaborate card systems, ticketing each poor man and woman—the spirit of charity is liable to be smothered."

"Don't tell me you are opposed to organized charity, Vincent. And I went to such lengths to preach and encourage organization of the working classes into societies and unions for their own good!"

"That's different. That is really business. A co-ordinated group can bargain more effectively, and has a chance to cope with the wiles and pressure of the unscrupulous moneyed class. With charity, it's not the

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same. I remember Blessed Louise de Gras (it would be fitting if she were canonized for she really founded the Sisters of Charity, although most people give me the credit) used to say: 'It's of little use for us to run about the streets with bowls of soup if we do not make the love of God the object of our effort. If we let go the thought that the poor are His members, our love for them will soon grow cold.' She used to preach that in season and out of season. Now the charitable organizations are rushing about so much that the bowls have little soup left in them for the deserving, and the workers as little love for the poor.

"It has become nearly too organized. Their offices terrorize the needy who come hesitatingly, like poor Saint Joseph must have felt that first Christmas eve, sorry in having to bother anyone. Stiff chairs where they are made to wait until the paid workers—how different from my Ladies of Charity who gave their time gratuitously and generously—finish a conference; systems of numbering each person, making them not human, a mere 'case' as they say; a labyrinth of detail that leaves the needy sitting hungry, cold, heart-sore, while investigations are made and elaborate case histories are written—that isn't charity. Charity is not organization alone—a mere grouping of men, records, graphs, statistics and budgets. These are useful, but not vital. Charity must be vital, since its object is the living Body of the Mystical Christ. Charity must be palpitating, since those giving and those receiving are the living members of the Mystic Christ. In fact, they don't even call it 'charity' any more; it's philanthropy. Just when was that high-sounding word substituted for dolcent charity? In your day?"

"Yes, a little bit; but it has grown alarmingly since then. The other sects have that as their all now. Back when they began, in the days of Luther and the rest, it was all creeds and no deeds. Believe strongly. Good works were discarded. Now they have given over their creeds and are all for good works. Philanthropy has more churches dedicated to it than God."

"Don't you think it could be changed? The sweet permeating charity of olden days could be restored; the charity that the Master lived and taught, that the early Christians put into practice, that the mediaeval people vivified the earth with: surely it will return. It must return."

"I hope so, Vincent. By that are we to be recognized as His followers."

"I pray for its speedy return. The poor will ever trample over my heart with bared and bleeding feet, and wander ragged, lonely, hungry, through the corridors of my soul. 'For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me.' Maybe I was a bit foolish, Leo, for taking those words too literally."

"Indeed! That was why they canonized you, Saint Vincent de Paul. May your tribe increase!"

I LOVE SAINT PETER

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

I LOVE Saint Peter. Millions have always been dying to meet him, but when it comes my turn, that will be true of me in a twofold sense. For though I only know him now as one upon whom I have pondered much, it will be like meeting a very old and very dear friend. And this is not meant as a subversive bid for his leniency toward my credentials, when that hour shall come—I hasten to tell you that, Saint Peter—though I have to admit that it might be, if I thought it would do me any good. Those poor things—*eh, bien, parlons d'autre chose.* It's far pleasanter to talk about Saint Peter.

I first began to love him when I had long curls and freckles and a propensity to use and mispronounce all new and strange words that fell upon mine ear. Particularly did those I heard in Bible History class fascinate me. I remember that I insisted on pronouncing "martyrs" as though it were spelled "mortars," believing that the broad "a" in the former was an inaccuracy on the part of the dear nun who taught us—a lamentable trace of the Irish brogue which caressed all her speech.

It was at this serious stage and age that Saint Peter came into my life. As his history was unfolded by the holy nun, my eager ears drew in every word of it. From the first, I loved him madly. I think it was because I felt so sorry for him. Insanely jealous was I for his sake, of Saint John, because John was the Beloved Disciple—and I longed for an opportunity of explaining to Our Lord what a really fine man Saint Peter was.

When the little convent class was told how Peter had gone and wept bitterly in penitence for the terrible denial, and how legend had it that he continued to weep so all the days of his life, the course of the tears leaving definite marks on his dear face, I too wept. Between sobs, I went home and explained that Saint Peter had wept until he had "two little gutters running down each side of his face." "Furrows," my precise mother corrected. Whenever he was mentioned in the Gospel on Sundays, I exulted—I took a personal pride in him—and if no mention were made of him, I sulked.

Nor shall it be said that my love for him was a mere childish fancy. Not at all, for even now, as I am passing into the sere and yellow, he is still, of all the Apostles, nearest my heart—and I love him just as dearly, if not as intelligently, as I did at seven.

To the theologians let it remain to extol and explain the high sanctity which shines so benignly down upon the world from the beautiful halo of Saint Peter. My own present, inconsequential concern is with his humanness. All mankind, whether believer or agnostic, must be touched by the appealing accounts of this charming figure, and must find him possessed of the simplicity of greatness, the impetuosity of the idealist, the eagerness of the quick-hearted, the fire of the *exalté,* the unreasoning love of a child—and the error of human frailty.

What an assemblage of lovable qualities is there! Particularly the last one, with which we ourselves are so intimately and personally acquainted. Now Peter, I hope you are not going to be insulted when I say that in this respect, if in no other, we are very like you. How well we understand that wonderfully wistful, somehow pathetic question you formed: "Lord, how often shall I forgive my brother? Till seven times?" Seven seemed plenty, didn't it, Peter? And then that little matter of falling asleep over your prayers. Alas,

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that I too—but never mind, we're discussing your shortcomings now. You'll have a chance to discuss ours later; and how! Among others of yours is reckoned the perfectly regardless way you had with you when handling a sword. I agree that ears can be particularly obnoxious features, and to slice at them, at times, irresistible—and I'm sure that Malchus's were of the unpleasant, protuberant variety, flapping back and forth in the breeze and listening to things it was no business of theirs to hear. There have been times when I've wished for a sword, Peter.

Superbly impervious were you to getting your feet wet, though all prudent people will tell you that such is the height of folly. Nevertheless I love to read about you plunging heedlessly out of the boat to be the first to greet your Lord. I'm so glad the Gospels don't say: "And Peter, seeing Who it was, stooped down and put on his galoshes, and carefully stepped out upon the water."

You weren't so good at winning foot-races, either. There was that time that you and John ran to the Sepulchre to verify the tidings brought by Mary Magdalen. The record has it that John outran you (were you, perchance, a bit overweight?) and that you came in a puffing second. Nevertheless, though beaten, you contrived to be the first to enter into the Sepulchre. I so admire you for that, though it baffles me to understand quite how you were able to accomplish it! One day I shall ask you to tell me—that, and another thing—don't you ever grow weary, carrying those keys? Last Sunday, on a stained glass window, they seemed to be weighing you down. Aren't you ever tempted to mislay them, and to utter the perfectly human excuse, "You see, I've lost my keys"? Being a fisherman, you would be pardoned for fibbing a little—and it must be such a dreary business, to be forever opening and shutting a door!

Therein you have my sympathy—and also in another matter which must be infinitely more irksome. I refer to the tedious and everlasting repetition of jokes about yourself which mankind has made down through all the Christian centuries, and to which you have had to listen, probably yawning your head off the while. If the strains of "The Sidewalks of New York" have palled a bit upon the ears of ex-Governor Smith during a brief span, what must not have you suffered for almost two thousand years by hearing: "The man died, and as he stood at the gates of heaven, Saint Peter said," etc., etc. And all the time you have been thinking, "When that one was first perpetrated, the infant King Arthur kicked the slats out of his cradle crowing over it"—or words to that effect. Beware, you jokers! Even Saint Peter's patience may be tried too far, and remember that to him belongs the last laugh, and that he who laughs last—well, you know.

However, I dare to think that Saint Peter, tried as he has been, will be indulgent in this matter, for he knows that the very fact that he, of all the Apostles, has been the most frequent subject of jokes by mankind, is only an added proof that he has been the most beloved by mankind. Whatever the worst that can be said of these jests, yet have they all been imbued with a sort of spirit of affection—the kind one might make about a dear brother, for whom one's affection is so sure that a little teasing only reaffirms it.

Even I must have my turn. "Leaving all things, Peter followed Him." (Ah, Peter, haven't I heard that you, alone among the Apostles, had to live in the same house with your mother-in-law?)

To you it was said: "Thou shalt catch men." You caught me long ago, Saint Peter. Even today, true to your old impetuosity, you are always bobbing up suddenly, when most needed. Not long ago, far downtown in New York, remote from all my daily and familiar haunts, I was walking, weary and depressed, and turned a sudden corner. Pop! There you were, standing on top of a nice old church, as comforting and dear and human as ever. Well deserved was the scolding you gave me—I have felt better for it ever since.

I often wonder if you really wore whiskers, as you are always depicted. I rather hope you did, for I even think that whiskers are human things—though there are some who would hold otherwise. If you did, I regret that I cannot also share these in common with you. However, there is yet another small something which we do share most emphatically—a prejudice upon which we think exactly alike. I've always hated chickens and all barnyard fowl; and as for cock-crow—I simply detest it!

THREE LADIES

By MARY E. McLAUGHLIN

IT IS generally conceded that the man never lived who was not inspired by at least one woman—whom he knew, whom he had heard or read of, or whom he had created out of the fabric of his own longings. In my father's life there were three women: two vivid and ever-present, and a third who was a sort of occasional luxury for admiration. Apart from these I verily believe he did not remember the sex existed except for a few women who, as exponents of some hated cause—Carrie Nation, suffragists and the like—aroused his antagonism.

His mother died when he was very young; if he remembered her at all she seemed not to have made a very deep impression on him, for I do not recall ever having heard him mention her name. When still a boy he ran away from a farm in Ireland and lived a varied and interesting life in the great ship-building centers of England and Scotland, New England and Hoboken, before he met my mother. They were married in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the first Sunday of Advent, which they had unthinkingly chosen, and were allowed to retain since the wedding was a small one. My father was then over thirty, and the three children who lived, all girls, were only something of a sequel or appendage, though I doubt if he ever analyzed his feelings to that extent. In his heart he considered my mother absolutely perfect and wondrously wise, though queer and inconsistent were his ways of showing admiration or appreciation. She was better educated than he and infinitely more gracious and he was always so proud, before the men whom he so easily and constantly attracted, of her knowledge of English, Irish and American politics.

He often took me and my sisters to Central Park on Sundays and then promptly forgot us while he launched into some discussion with a friend or a stranger on Bob Fitzsimmons, Roosevelt, Home Rule, etc. He had men friends galore, mostly Irish, English and Scotch, and his endless anecdotes of his youthful and hard-working years were always, always of other men. He could no more cook a dinner or dress one of us children then he could fly an airplane. He did hang the pictures whenever we moved, that is, after the ladder had been set, the nails, wire, etc., procured by the rest of the family and our various opinions given—but I understand that that labor of inefficiency on taking over a new apartment is the birthright of every husband. My mother did everything, my father's weekly chore being only to black his own boots. After his work he would do nothing but smoke and read and talk—

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mostly politics—and on any corner he could usually dig up a listener whom, as often as not, he brought home.

His greatest regret was that he had not been at the battle of Bull Run. Why Bull Run we never knew. He was just too young, and besides he was not in America during the Civil War. He had a slight scar on one of his shins which he unblushingly showed to strangers as having been received at that battle, and he finally got to the point where he believed it himself. Since he had done some work on the battleship Maine he considered the Spanish War a personal matter, and spoke as though the Maine had been his own private war ship and the Spanish attacks personal affronts.

His devotion to the Blessed Virgin was beautiful. On many nights he went to bed while I was still studying or reading in an adjoining room, and he would invariably end his silent prayers with an audible ejaculation to the Blessed Mother as he slid under the covers and stretched out. I remember distinctly when I was about nine how frightfully shocked I was when he was in the midst of some maudlin phrases as a result of a too convivial evening and I could hear these words floating out to us: "Well, Mother of God, you do know, don't you, that I never forget you, never, never?" I remember another time that he had been out of work, when sympathetic friends were not lacking in supplying a stimulant to offset the consequent demoralization. One day during that time my class was dismissed by way of the church, a large edifice usually deserted at three o'clock. As we turned to genuflect I beheld my brave father, rather the worse for the wear, devoutly and penitently praying at the Blessed Mother's altar, having her all to himself, as it were, until we entered. Supersensitive little prig that I was, I simply pretended not to know him, but he did not see me and would not have cared a whit for my opinion: I was never one of the ladies of his heart.

In a people where sexual irregularity is almost unknown, there is surely nothing unusual in a decent man's honoring the Mother of God and also honoring the mother of his own children. But while I never recall my father's mentioning Queen Victoria, Lillian Russell or any other famous or infamous contemporary of his, I often heard him mention with the greatest respect and admiration the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. The assassination of that unhappy woman seemed to have affected him more than did the assassination of President McKinley. He often said, solely on the authority of his own private judgment, that the Empress Elizabeth was "the only lady in Europe."

How this far-away sovereign evoked his interest and even his unbounded admiration I have never been able to find out. I do not believe he ever knew an Austrian or a Slav in his life. He disliked foreigners, foreigners being those whose native language was not English. He read no biography of this empress—I imagine none then existed, and besides, he read nothing but newspapers; but some sketch or tale of this beautiful and unhappy woman must have strongly appealed to him and left him her devoted admirer and champion. And here again his taste was unusually fine.

He is dead now over a quarter of a century, his empress preceding him, his wife following several years later, and I am hoping that he is somewhere in the men's section of paradise discussing with the later arrivals such new-fangled ideas as prohibition, the Irish Free State and Jack Dempsey, while with celestial development and heavenly intensity his spirit is made aware of the comfortable proximity of the three ladies who filled his life: the Queen of Heaven, his matchless wife and his foreign princess.

COMMUNICATIONS

CHESS

Cincinnati, O.

To the Editor: Sweet are the uses of controversy—but not if one of the controvertists so persistently misuses words and so patently fails to join issue as Mr. Joseph Jacobi does in his reply in your December 17 issue to my contention that chess cannot rightly be compared to the art of war.

To take one paragraph of his letter, Mr. Jacobi says: "In the first place, Mr. Bunker admits that he is not aware of any great military leaders who were also great chess players." Admits! This is very much as if Kingsley in reply to Newman's "Apologia" had said: "Dr. Newman admits that he is not aware of a single Catholic priest who inculcates among his people the practice of lying." My dear sir, this is not an admission, but a statement and even a challenge. The obvious reply to the challenge is to name the Catholic pastor or pastors who did not inculcate lying or, in the case at issue, to cite the great military leaders who were also eminent at chess.

Instead of thus meeting the challenge, however, Mr. Jacobi continues to make wild work among his phrases by saying, "We cannot in this respect go Mr. Bunker one better by citing instances." "To go a person one better" means to surpass that person in the thing he sets out to do, and therefore to talk of "going Mr. Bunker one better" when Mr. Bunker, far from citing instances, denies that such instances exist, is really making words say the very opposite of what they ordinarily are supposed to say.

But more follows, although this time the lapses are in logic instead of language, where Mr. Jacobi states that, though he cannot cite instances, "it has always been a tradition among chess enthusiasts that great battles have been planned on the chess-board and that Napoleon was wont to do so." Evidently Mr. Jacobi has never heard of the logical misstep known as begging the question. Note, too, that he still further false-weights the scales by confining this tradition to "chess enthusiasts." If he had said "superstition" instead of "tradition," I would have heartily agreed with him. With regard to specific instances, however, of great battles having been planned on the chess-board either by Napoleon or any other general, there is not a word. If assumption would only do duty for proof, what an easy thing argument would be!

To continue with Mr. Jacobi's classic paragraph, however, he goes on to say: "After all, as appears from Mr. Bunker's quotation, Bonaparte did occasionally win a game, probably when his mind was more on the game than on other stirring matters. Also, as a strategist, he is reported to have met his Waterloo."

It is true that my quotation from Bourienne states that Bonaparte "liked to play with me because . . . I was not always able to beat him," but inasmuch as Bourienne himself was admittedly a mediocre hand at the game, it is hard to see how this invalidates my contention that Bonaparte was not a great player, which is here the point at issue. (Incidentally, Mr. Jacobi's subordinate clause beginning with a "probably" is another characteristically amusing instance of his reliance on gratuitous assumption.) As for his final sentence about Waterloo, this can only mean that in Mr. Jacobi's opinion the loss of Napoleon's final battle definitely rules him out as a strategist—an opinion in which I fear Mr. Jacobi stands uniquely alone.

In the last half of his letter Mr. Jacobi takes up the second part of my double-barreled charge, namely, that not only are chess enthusiasts unable to point to a single great general, and notably Napoleon, as remarkably proficient at the game (as

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we would naturally expect, if their military parallel were true), but also that the assumed parallel itself is notable for dissimilarities rather than similarities. Quoting my statement that "at the beginning of an engagement in chess both sides have exactly the same strength, not only in the number and kind of their forces, but also in the exactly similar disposition of those forces on the field, whereas in war there has probably never been a battle where either one or the other of the combatants has not had a marked superiority either in numbers, in variety of force or equipment, or in position," Mr. Jacobi retorts with the following:

"Now, granting that in war we had the ideal conditions referred to, it would not follow that two forces, equal at the start, would have negative results and that a battle so staged would not end in victory for either side." Waiving the fact that contrary to "granting . . . the ideal conditions referred to," I asserted the probability of the exact opposite always having been the case in war, I defy any impartial judgment to discover where I even remotely suggested that as a result of those ideal conditions there would follow what Mr. Jacobi denies would follow, to wit "negative results" or absence of "victory for either side." This final masterstroke of inconsequence simply leaves me a limp and gasping but still ardent admirer of the ancient game of chess, if not of its devotees.

JOHN BUNKER.

EINSTEIN AND FREUD

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In your issue of December 24 Dr. Walsh expresses his opinion on the theories of Einstein and Freud. His opinions are far from being complimentary. To quote Dr. Walsh's own words: "It looks as though we would have to put back Einstein and his theory into the lumber room of outworn speculations which has become so crowded in our day. . . . We are engaged at the present moment in carefully laying Freud away in the garret."

I must say that Dr. Walsh's reasoning strikes me as a bit extraordinary. For instead of bringing forward some new and striking piece of evidence to discredit the theory of relativity, he apparently bases his whole opinion on a single popular article in a popular magazine, written indeed by a competent scientist, but by one whose views on this particular subject are quite at variance with the views of most of his colleagues. Dr. Walsh's argument seems to be somewhat as follows: One well-known scientist writes a popular article attacking Einstein. Therefore we are perfectly justified in sweeping the whole theory of relativity into the discard. *Causa finita est.* We can afford, then, to fold our hands and to philosophize about "the ambitious, inflated theories that have been punctured by rude fact." Freud receives an even more summary treatment at Dr. Walsh's hands.

At the present moment I am not in the least concerned with the defense of either Einstein or Freud. Both gentlemen seem to be quite competent to defend themselves. I am content to wait patiently until further experimental evidence has been gathered and analyzed. For that is, after all, the only sort of evidence on a scientific question for which the scientific man cares a hoot. At present I am more concerned with a much different question, which is as follows: Why does Dr. Walsh seize with such evident glee upon a shred of evidence which tends to discredit Einstein? And why does THE COMMONWEAL publish the article with such obvious pride?

I think I can guess the answer. Both Freud and Einstein are men whose views on faith and morals are sharply at variance with what we Catholics hold most sacred. In our indignation we strike back at them with criticism of their purely scientific theories.

But this, I submit, is a grave mistake. If Einstein or Freud or any other scientist proclaims false views in the field of faith or morals, let us immediately answer him on the grounds of faith or morals. No matter how clever or learned our opponents may be, we can meet them fearlessly on such issues because we are supported by the infinite strength of Divine Revelation. As long as we remain on this territory, we can enjoy the absolute certainty of final victory.

But when we leave this ground and petulantly attack Freud and Einstein on purely scientific matters, we are likely to render ourselves a bit ridiculous. For there are, after all, a great many of our educated fellow-citizens who know very well that the theory of relativity is far from being mere rubbish and that Freud's work on the unconscious is far from being classed with phrenology. Our intemperate statements, therefore, are likely to injure, rather than help, the great cause of Catholic truth, for which Dr. Walsh has fought so gallantly and so long.

REV. PAUL HANLY FURFEY.

WAR CLOUDS OVER EUROPE

Silver City, N. M.

TO the Editor: Possibly with other readers of your esteemed weekly, I am left in doubt and at sea by the article, "War Clouds over Europe," by George N. Shuster.

Quoting: "To the west is France with a model army of 600,000 men outfitted with everything needed for warfare in the modern manner. Still more impressive is the fact that this extraordinary martial power is in the first instance an *offensive* weapon." (Italics mine.)

And how does George N. Shuster prove that it is an offensive weapon? Listen to his "evaporations," if the term is realistic enough:

"A new system of border *defenses* . . . . coincides with a recently developed navy to render France *well-nigh proof against invasion.* The point most worth noting, however, is that this martial display was built upon a foundation of *sincere desire for security.*" (Italics again mine.)

It would be a waste of time to look for more arguments. George N. Shuster builds a man of straw and in the next line or lines reduces it to ashes.

It appears we have too many facile writers, men, even women, if I am permitted to include the gentler sex, handy with the pen, but somewhat, to say the least, deficient in logic and its rational consequences. Why not ask these littérateurs to follow the common sense rule, and before they start writing, put on their thinking-cap?

REV. HENRY HEITZ.

BERLIN

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: May I congratulate THE COMMONWEAL most heartily and sincerely on Mr. George Shuster's "Berlin" in the current number?

That is the sort of actuality that we badly need—the first hand, sober observations of intelligent American Catholics, scholarly Catholics, on situations at home and abroad where American ideals can help constructively without ostentation or blatant nationalism.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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FACTORY VERSUS KITCHEN

Coytesville, N. J.

TO the Editor: In your issue of December 10 you had an interesting paragraph on unemployment in which you wondered why more women did not take up domestic service. Permit me to say that the drawbacks which you admit there are, might be overcome if the more highly educated women would take up this form of work, and as this is not done, by educating the women who are already engaged in it. By no means may it be assumed that the domestic worker is incapable of higher education, not only in her own lines of endeavor, but also in those cultural activities which develop and broaden.

May I bring this down to practical application? First let me state that I have a friend who is a B. A., and who is at present doing this kind of work. The Thursday afternoon of leisure is for many a time when they are at a loss as to where to go and what to do. This should not be so. A girl doing dishwashing should be able to study fancy cookery, giving an outlet to her hopes of one day bettering her position and salary. If, in addition, she can apply herself to music, or already has ability along that line, she should be given a piano for her use at a reasonable price per hour. (This latter need I myself felt at one time, while working as paint cleaner in a large New York hotel, and later on as nurse to small children).

Repressed talents are a real grievance. A girl might be, and within my personal knowledge has been, able and willing to serve as accompanist for singing, able and willing to improve her high school French, acquire another modern language, etc., etc., but owing to lack of facilities, namely, lessons at the hours when she might be free, could not do these things until she left off doing house- or hotel-work.

Then again, in a large house or hotel, the food cooked for the servants is, in many cases, hard to acquire a taste for quickly, and during this time it would be a real help if a place were known where meals could be obtained at a reasonable price during the hours of leisure of these workers. Great deterrents to the ability to eat the food are among other things the unusualness of the hours, the kitchen smells, the bleakness of the hotel help's dining-room, etc.

Could somebody, do you suppose, fit up a loft with some old but homey furniture, principally old rocking chairs (no matter about the tatters if comfortable), a kitchen stove (no matter if it smokes), a piano (no matter if battered)? And then let the girls know by posters on the church bulletin board or any other way?

EVA MURRAY.

THE SOVIET RELIGION

Covington, Ky.

TO the Editor: In his very interesting paper on "The Soviet Religion" in THE COMMONWEAL of December 17, Father McGarrigle says that "Religion and obligation are identical in their Latin root, *ligare,* to bind."

The derivation of the word religion from *re-ligare,* though it has the advantage of expressing vividly the actual meaning of the word, is philologically untenable. Religion is derived from the word *relegere,* to recollect, to consider carefully, to reflect. It is related to *diligere, diligentia,* and opposed to *neglegere,* to neglect. Hence religion signifies, in the first place, attention to, or concentration upon, all the truths and duties that relate to God; then it means the sum total of these truths and duties. The former is the practice of religion, the latter its content.

REV. J. J. LAUX.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Midnight

THE THEATRE GUILD at last finds itself as the proud producer of an American melodrama—a slightly though not painfully embarrassing situation for that august group. The Guild has no dislike of melodrama per se. Obviously! One has only to recall "Goat Song" of a few seasons back and "Roar China" of the happily departed 1930 to realize that the Guild indulges itself without fear or tremor not in melodrama alone but in exhibitions of horror as well. The slight embarrassment arises from the modern clothes and mundane setting and wholly American origin of "Midnight"—a play by Claire and Paul Sifton which so far follows recent Broadway styles as to depict the grinning jaws and long fangs of the tabloid press on the night of a woman's execution for murder.

For many years the Guild has seemed rather to pride itself on producing the plays Broadway ignores or has never heard about or is afraid to produce. This time the Guild is following a style rather than setting one. It is making use of tested material, much as it did in taking up with Eugene O'Neill after other and less opulent groups had borne the brunt of pioneering. But even a well-tested and guaranteed O'Neill was not exactly Broadway, in the sense that "Midnight" is Broadway. The Siftons' play deals with gangsters, with political district attorneys, with the death chair, with radio, with middle-class homes and with the yellow press exactly as if it had never been awed in the least by Guild traditions and expected, at best, the sponsorship of Jed Harris, or, at worst, of some member of the theatrical trust. It is, of course, a very good sign to have the Guild venture into these well-traveled pastures. It is a sign of good health—as when a closeted philosopher suddenly takes to reading the daily newspaper. But the embarrassment of the occasion can hardly be avoided by the Guild or by its audience.

The Guild makes an exceedingly neat job of its first venture into strictly contemporary melodrama. Many have long suspected that Philip Moeller is one of the most adept directors this side of the Mississippi, but even the most casual appraisal of the movement and action and coördinated detail of "Midnight" can only raise this suspicion to a pleasant certainty. When the cast of a Guild play includes such resplendent personalities as Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt, one is always at a loss to separate the work of the director from the innate skill of the actors. But in the present instance, there are very few of the regular Guild acting corps in the cast. Mr. Moeller has had to do just what any other Broadway director must always do, and that is mold the form and unify the action of a play whose cast is drawn together for the occasion only. Linda Watkins, Harold Vermilyea, Frederick Perry, Josephine Hull, Jack La Rue and all the others who contribute much to the vitality and naturalness of the play are all imports, so far as the Guild is concerned. Glenn Anders's is about the only face thoroughly familiar to the Guild Theatre. The amazingly fine coördination of this group, their attention to significant minor detail and their perfect subservience to the important moments of the play are thus attributable solely to Mr. Moeller. It is worth all the Guild's possible embarrassment at being found in hackneyed company to prove that they can do a commonplace play in uncommonly expert fashion.

The play itself tells of a modest florist who, as foreman of a jury that has convicted one Ethel Saxton for murder, finds himself suddenly the center of newspaper publicity and of

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pressure to obtain a reprieve or pardon from the governor. How the privacy of his home is invaded on the night of the execution, how he is tortured in his efforts to remain impartial and just according to his own standards, how the nerves of his family are torn, the character of those in his home tested and found wanting and, finally, how the whole affair preys on the mind of his daughter until she herself murders the gangster who is trying to break away from her—all this makes up the material and the plot of a thoroughly searching and often gripping drama which should end with its second act, but which, unfortunately, wanders into a third act of direct satire and of propaganda against capital punishment.

This third act has plenty of inherent interest, and most of its sharp points are well taken—but it suffers, or rather the play suffers, from the total change of viewpoint and manner. One illusion is broken, and another kind of illusion is hastily substituted in its place. It reminds one of the last act of many Shaw plays, in which the thread of the story is snapped to permit Shaw to step before the curtain and harangue the audience on the absurdity of everything that is. In the case of Shaw, however, this impertinence is part of the Shavian convention, something thoroughly expected, and received with moderate good grace by an audience that comes ready to see a double bill of play and lecture. The Siftons do not make the transition quite so frankly. They try to retain too much of the substance of the first part of the play while completely altering its mood. The effect is both irritating and disappointing—although if the whole play were in the vein of the third act, it might be counted as unusually shrewd special pleading and heavily barbed satire. The substance of this act consists of the excuses which the district attorney unearths, for patent political reasons, for not prosecuting Weldon's daughter, though Weldon feels that the law should apply to all alike.

Easily the best acting is contributed by Frederick Perry as the harrassed and distracted Weldon. Few actors could give a more completely natural performance. Harold Vermilyea as Weldon's good-for-nothing son-in-law and Harriet MacGibbon as the married daughter provide neat and effective portraits of moronity. Linda Watkins as the incipient murderess is taut and highly effective without the least touch of exaggeration. Josephine Hull is a perfect wife for this unhappy family setting, and Glenn Anders is quietly dominant as the most intrusive of the reporters. Robert Strange as the district attorney helps to keep the last act within reasonable bounds. All in all, this is a successful adventure for the Guild into the mazes of hard-boiled realities. (At the Guild Theatre.)

The Life Line

WHAT happens when a successful man of business attempts to run the lives of his friends along lines of commercial efficiency? The present comedy by Gretchen Damrosch essays to give an answer to this question.

The rather surprising element of the occasion is to find Leo Bulgakov as producer and director of this completely American and completely frivolous dramatic experiment. Hitherto Mr. Bulgakov has employed his great technical talent in dressing up Russian drama for American audiences. His version of Maxim Gorky's "At the Bottom" was one of the artistic milestones of last season. It represented the kind of adventure in which the Russian technique of directing affords untold richness, deep underscoring of character, swift emotional climaxes and a cumulative rhythm. American drawing-room comedy is quite another matter, demanding, obviously, a local idiom in thought and feeling. I cannot feel that Mr. Bulgakov has been entirely successful in catching this idiom, though the result he has obtained is well above the average.

The play itself is a jerky and highly uneven bit of work, with many amusing moments and patches of dialogue, and several periods during which the sense of comedy is considerably strained. At other times it flops unashamedly into satirical farce. The trouble starts when the Reverend Dr. Truesdale returns Bronson Cutler's check for $5,000 and asks instead for a contribution of Cutler's own time. Cutler, thoroughly confident of his ability to do anything he sets his mind to, agrees to help out the next unfortunate he meets. That unfortunate turns out to be plural—taking the form of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ives, the dinner guests of the evening. Cutler proceeds to attempt a solution of their marriage difficulties, not realizing that his own daughter, Blair, is the cause of dissension in the Ives household. That all ends well is due chiefly to the quiet and persistent intervention of Cutler's secretary, Jay Dadmun, who ultimately carries off the repentant Blair.

The acting is competent throughout and in several instances excellent. Carrol Ashburn as the pompous Cutler, Rosalind Ivan as the ridiculous Mrs. Ives, and Lewis Leverett as the humorous and level-headed Dadmun form an unusual trio, marking up the comedy and toning down the farce in such a way as to keep some unity of mood in spite of the play's vagaries. Eunice Stoddard seems to suffer most from the heavy-handed underscoring of Bulgakov's direction, playing the part of Blair too broadly. Her comedy instinct is good and merely needs restraint and pointing up. Helene Ambrose as Cutler's wife, Harry Green as the ever-so-efficient butler, and Akim Tamiroff as an intrusive restaurant keeper all contribute pleasant interludes. The present cast under Philip Moeller's direction might have made the play sparkle. At present it merely flares up and dies down and sputters agreeably at the end. (At the Vanderbilt Theatre.)

Le Preziose Ridicole

THIS little comic opera is not an important work, but is an enjoyable one, and the Metropolitan has done well to give it as a curtain-raiser. It is of course based on Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules." The libretto is by Arturo Rossato and the music by Felice Lattuada. Signor Lattuada's talent as revealed in the score is not an original one perhaps, but he is a sincere and accomplished musician, and his use of the madrigal, the corrente and the sarabande is skilful and effective, and gives at times an atmosphere which might be that of Molière. Then again he becomes very much more modern, and there are Wagnerian echoes and a delightful burlesque of mid-nineteenth-century grand opera. In short, the music is always tuneful and graceful, and is happily employed when necesesary in bringing out the humor of the situations. Signor Lattuada has not attempted to write music which would be characteristically seventeenth-century French, but rather has given us a modern opera on an eighteenth-century subject. In a day of mediocrity in musical composition, "Le Preziose Ridicole" is a work rather above the average. The Metropolitan's production is an admirable one, notably because of the fascinating acting and the delightful singing of Miss Bori as Madelon, and the amusing antics and skilful singing of Mr. Tokatyan as Mascarille. And then there are the stage settings and costumes of Robert Edmond Jones. The Metropolitan has at last arrived at recognition of this chief of American scenic artists. It is to be hoped that it will keep on employing him, for he has no superior today either in Europe or America.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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BOOKS

Contrasting Studies

Mary Baker Eddy: A Life-size Portrait, by Lyman P. Powell. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

According to the Flesh: A Biography of Mary Baker Eddy, by Fleta Campbell Springer. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.50.

THE CHIEF response which a patient reading of these two books on the founder of Christian Science evokes in a detached person is a fortification and increase of his appreciation of Edwin Franden Dakin's biography of Mrs. Eddy. Dakin's book fortunately survived the expected official attempt at boycott, largely through the courage of its publishers, Messrs. Scribner's Sons. It was reviewed in THE COMMONWEAL of October 16, 1929, by the present writer. In spite of its shortcomings, consisting briefly of an immature philosophical background and style, it still remains both the most readable and the most convincingly documented of easily available books on the subject.

Dr. Lyman Powell, who is rector of St. Margaret's Episcopal Church in New York City, offers his opus in a large and imposing format, as "a life-size portrait," and as an unbiased study, making use of some thousands of hitherto unavailable documents. But his claims both as to completeness and as to a judicial attitude do not seem to the present reviewer to be altogether substantiated. Suspicions are aroused by the very "Prologue," in which he supplies a narrative of the events leading up to the writing of his book, in the third person.

As nearly as 1906, he was in correspondence with the Committee on Publication of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston. Of that correspondence he now records only his more affable comments, and does not anywhere explain his quondam disagreements with the committee "in regard to the inner meanings of philosophy, the essentials of theology, and the significance of the sacramental system to which Episcopalians are committed." In 1907 his first book on the subject, "Christian Science, the Faith and its Founder," appeared. He now says little about the attitude therein expressed, except that "he took pains also to announce that he would stand ready to revise the book, should new evidence come to light at any time to make revision necessary in the interest of truth." In 1921 "he received the invitation to contribute the article on 'Science and Health' to the 'Cambridge History of American Literature.'" He does not inform his readers that the publishers called on him only after the original chapter, written by Dr. Woodbridge Riley, had met with such a hostile reception that the volume in which it appeared had to be withdrawn. In 1929 he conferred with the Board of Directors of the Scientist Church in Boston, at which conference he was chosen to write the present book. He alludes to "the resurgence of critical interest" which took place at this time, but does not mention Mr. Dakin's book, which was its chief cause. Dr. Lyman's work was undertaken with the full approval and assistance of the board. One is naturally slightly suspicious of the intimation that the result is a thoroughly independent study. Its new evidence was supplied chiefly by the "historical files" of the Church and by Mrs. Eddy's own correspondence.

One's suspicions grow as he proceeds with his perusal. It begins to seem strange that the book contains not a single remark derogatory in any slight way to Mrs. Eddy or to her followers—only an unending stream of praise. Worse than that, its vital omissions are glaring and its silences too eloquent. A "life-size portrait" that fails to mention such colorful and significant *dramatis personae* in Mrs. Eddy's story as Mrs. Stetson, Mrs. Corner and Mrs. Woodbury, which completely disregards the evidence as to Mrs. Eddy's use of drugs and medical physicians, scarcely inspires confidence. And on every critical point it suffers by comparison with Dakin.

Dakin amply demonstrates that Mrs. Eddy lied (to put it bluntly) about her alleged descent from Sir John MacNeill. Powell presents only a feeble note: "For a full discussion of Mrs. Eddy's pedigree, see Sibyl Wilbur's 'The Life of Mary Baker Eddy,' page 6, long accepted by Christian Scientists as a standard biography. Her closing words run thus: 'It is therefore sufficient to state that Mary Baker Eddy's great-grandparents were akin to the McNeils.'" Dakin devotes ten closely printed pages to a demonstration of the substantial contributions that the Reverend James H. Wiggin made to the later editions of "Science and Health." Powell has two meager pages of highly unconvincing rebuttal. Dakin states and proves that Mrs. Eddy obtained a divorce from her second husband, Dr. Patterson, on grounds of desertion, but allowed it to be understood that the legal cause was adultery. Powell writes that Patterson "eloped with the wife of another man; was divorced in 1873 for unfaithfulness"; and offers the reader the following enlightening note in apparent support of his first statement: "Dr. Cushing wrote the author in 1907 that Dr. Patterson was not even at home when his wife had her fall in Lynn, and had to be brought down from New Hampshire by telegram the next day. He was rarely where he should have been when needed."

The book abounds in similarly astonishing flights of scholarship. For the statement that Plato "esteemed matter nothing and mind everything," Powell finds it necessary to refer the reader to the authority of Durant's "Mansions of Philosophy." He draws testimony as to the validity of Christian Science from Mr. Studebaker of the motor car corporation, from Cecil B. DeMille, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt and Mary Pickford. Even more entertaining are his confident generalizations on the characteristics of Christian Scientists as a body: "They smile, but not vacuously . . . . Never are they noisy or disorderly. They do not fret, nor cry aloud . . . . None show more liking for good music than Christian Scientists. They travel, journeying much by motor." There are several pages of such wishwash.

The present reviewer does not pretend to be able to pass definite judgment on the character of Mrs. Eddy or on Christian Science teachings. The complex evidence has been so often confused and suppressed that a vast amount of cool-headed research still remains to be done. He merely observes that such representative data as are offered above will not convince many persons of intelligence that Powell's work needs to be taken very seriously. Of the organization and style of the book he can speak with greater confidence. Judged purely as literature, it is of a surpassing wretchedness: skimpy in its delivery of solid fact, puffed out with irrelevant digressions, watered with bad poetical selections, adulterated (to use one of Mrs. Eddy's favorite words) with a puerile, incoherent rhetoric that possibly derives from a too pious and protracted perusal of "Science and Health."

Mrs. Springer's contribution, "According to the Flesh," is a far more modest and more satisfying production. Having the apparent purpose of writing an eminently readable and engaging narrative, its author has very wisely said what Dr. Powell so unfortunately failed to say: "A protestation of impartiality on the part of a biographer is simply a waste of words.

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There are no impartial books. When I write a biography, I unconsciously reveal myself. My attitude toward life, my opinions, reflections, constitute a manner of autobiography. This simultaneously with the biography of another. I will interpret her according to myself. I will give you the Mrs. Eddy I see. All my attempts at 'fairness,' at 'honesty,' will be lost in my particular view. There is nothing to be lost by this admission. In fact, if there is to be an argument, it will be a point disposed of before we begin."

Such an avowal is disarming. It remains only to record that the book contains some new matter, is gracefully written, reasonably complete, and offers substantially the same view of the subject that was more thoroughly set forth by Mr. Dakin in his biography a year ago.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, JR.

Little-known Asia

High Tartary, by Owen Lattimore. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $4.00.

The Mongolian Horde, by Roland Strasser; translated by R.T.G. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. $4.00.

HERE are two books, both so interestingly written that one forgets their length. Both, however, could to advantage be condensed.

The story by Mr. Roland Strasser is one of the best that has appeared concerning distant Mongolia, which is still the land of the unknown. It is more reliable than the works of Ossendowski, which have caused so much stir. Its style and tone also are more serious, and its descriptions, if at times brutal, are sufficiently restrained.

Mr. Strasser showed exceptional courage when he undertook the expedition which he here records. During long months he went through many harrowing experiences, having been arrested as a spy by the Soviet officials at Urga, and having had his baggage, including many drawings he had made during his journey in Tibet and Mongolia, pillaged and destroyed by undisciplined Chinese troops. He tells us much concerning Tibet that has never been told before. It is next to impossible for a foreigner to enter or even cross that strange country, where the inhospitality of the natives is encouraged by England, which carefully helps them to keep aloof from all foreign contact. Mr. Strasser contrived, nevertheless, through a ruse, to cross the northern point of the Sikkim frontier into Tibet, and what he saw there he relates in a most entertaining way. Among other strange people in this mysterious country is an occult sect of the Buddhistic Boen religion, who poison an offending neighbor with complete unconcern—indeed with actual pleasure. His descriptions of the Tibetan lamas and their strange, weird creed and in general of Tibetan customs and superstitions are quite wonderful. Many parts of the book are absolutely fascinating reading.

"High Tartary" is perhaps not as thrilling as "The Mongolian Horde," but there is considerable pleasure as well as profit in reading it, for few persons have had an opportunity to study this most interesting land. It is strange that so few people should have sufficient courage and spirit of adventure to explore Mongolia and Russian Central Asia. These lands, which are still a part of the vast unknown, are surely curious enough to tempt any traveler, especially one capable of relating what he has really seen, not what he believes he saw. To such a category of travelers Mr. Lattimore undoubtedly belongs.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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NEXT WEEK

"The Wall Street Bible" was the succinct description by a disinterested financier of the Moody's investors service. The firm of this name which was founded many years ago by Mr. John Moody, was one of the first in the field giving investment counsel on the basis of expert and impartial investigation, and its service and publications are among the most widely depended-on authorities in the world of finance today. It was therefore with the keenest appreciation that the editor received a letter from Mr. Moody which said: "After reading your very thoughtful editorial in this week's issue of THE COMMONWEAL, entitled 'An Explosion of Truth,' I was prompted to dictate the enclosed discussion of this general subject." Mr. Moody's article is entitled THE TROUBLE WITH THE WESTERN WORLD. THE COMMONWEAL with sincerest considerations of its readers' interests urges them not to miss this. . . . A SHRINE OF ALICE MEYNELL, by Katherine Tynan whose collected poems have but recently been published by Macmillan, is a literary paper with a flavor that can only be described as delightful. It is charming. It will appear in two parts, the first next week, and the second the week following. . . . The extremely strained relations between Germany and Poland over affairs in Upper Silesia and what would seem their only hope of solution at the meeting this month of the League of Nations, are described by Mr. George N. Shuster in GENEVA ONCE MORE. . . . A LOST RACE, by J. W. C., is a fascinating narrative of one of the colorful curiosities of history. . . . CANADA, THE UNITED STATES AND THE EMPIRE, by M. Grattan O'Leary, is a well-considered treatment of a timely subject. . . . A FORTNIGHT AT CAMBRIDGE, by Edward P. Keenan, is an informing and glamorous reminiscence.

Celtic Starlight and Sunshine

Collected Poems, by Katharine Tynan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

TO MANY devout students of Alice Meynell's crowded years of human and literary activity, that white lily of London Town must have seemed a triumph of the artistic temperament—in its best and absolute sense—over much domesticity. But her Celtic contemporary, Katharine Tynan, with ideals fundamentally similar and results quite furiously contrasting, may well seem a triumph of domesticity—again in its essential and best sense—over and through the artistic temperament. For this fragrant harvest of Mrs. Hinkson's collected poems proves conclusively that after creating some fifteen or sixteen volumes of verse, along with uncounted volumes of prose, the author has remained first, last and always a *mother*. It was in the vivid passion of her much-discussed poem, "Maternity"—republished here as "Any Mother"—that Katharine Tynan achieved probably the heighth of her emotional and artistic intensity.

But if the characteristic note of her songs of bird and beast and child and man and earth and heaven was a tranquil one, they were mothering songs none the less—and in the main, songs of an unquenchably happy motherhood. "I was born under a kind star," she declares in the charming lyric used as prologue to the present volume: and A. E., in his discerning "Foreword," after pointing out the "natural sunlight" and "gift for melody" which this very Catholic singer brought to the literature of the Irish Renaissance, returns again and again to that temperamental faculty for joy. "It is true," he declares. "She is happy in religion, friendship, children, instantly kindling at any beauty in gardens, flowers, in sky and clouds. She has, too, that spiritual bravery which makes beauty out of death and sorrow." There he has probed to one of the finest qualities of her poetry—her ability to sing of death with familiarity but without the least fear or morbidity: the quality which gave us the resurgent simplicity of "Planting Bulbs," and made the welcome return of the dead, whether the mother, the little child, the lover, the soldier son, almost a *leit motif* throughout her work.

Inclusive as this collection of Mrs. Hinkson's verse is, it has not been able to include the earlier and longer narrative poems. But one finds in it "The Children of Lir," "Saint Francis to the Birds," such unforgettable favorites as "Sheep and Lambs," the ballad of "The Three Ships" (now called "An Old Song Resung"), "Herself"—to make up for the omission of the "Miracle Plays"—"The Violet Farm"—perhaps to make up for "House and Home"—and such later beauties as "The Ass Speaks" and "The Broken Soldier." Truly for any poet to give a not-too-happy world so radiant and tender a heritage as this is to be born under a kind star; while merely to own it and read it is to capture much of that starry and sunny kindliness.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

As Abbé Lugan Sees Us

Le Catholicisme aux États-Unis, by A. Lugan. Paris: Letouzey et Ané. 15 francs.

THE ZEALOUS and prolific Abbé Lugan has added to his numerous works, chief among which is a monumental and exhaustive study of the social implication of Our Lord's teaching, a volume on the Church in America. Having made several visits to this country, M. Lugan is able to combine the fruits of considerable personal experience with those of research.

The subjects of his chapters are well chosen. After briefly sketching the Church's growth in numbers from the settle-

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ment of Maryland till Cardinal Gibbon's death in 1921, he considers the National Catholic Welfare Conference and describes annual meetings of the laity and the hierarchy. Chapters on parochial life, the Paulists, and the Sulpicians follow. Then comes the most interesting chapter of the book, on "The Present Prospects of Catholicism," in which the author has discreetly quoted from Americans some trenchant criticism of our shortcomings. There follows a chapter on anti-Catholic forces, and the book closes with a description of the Chicago Eucharistic Congress.

It is no doubt unfair to blame the author for all or even most of the book's consistent distortions of American names, since the congenital limitation of French printers in this respect are notorious. Other inaccuracies, however, beginning with the date 1684 for the founding of Maryland, are not infrequent. Thus Mr. Volstead is called a senator, and Monsignor Fumasoni-Biondi a nuncio. The chief mistakes in judgment occur in the treatment of anti-Catholic forces. M. Lugan has failed to keep pace with the almost complete collapse of the Klan, and has estimated the importance of the Association for the Advancement of Atheism too exclusively from the bombastic blurbs of that organization. Also he is wrong in including the Episcopalians among Protestant denomination which opposed Governor Smith. When other clergymen were shouting against the Roman menace, Episcopalians earned the respect of Catholics by their refusal to drag religion into politics, and the reviewer knows of several clergymen of that denomination who, as private citizens, were ardent Smith men. Altogether, the external obstacles to the Church's progress are found far less in the militant no-Popery and atheism on which M. Lugan dwells than in the widespread indifference to all religion which a de-supernaturalized Protestantism cannot check.

In spite of such defects, the book should give to French readers much valuable information and a picture of the Church in America which, while in no sense professing to be exhaustive, is on the whole true. And since it is always interesting to see ourselves through the eyes of an intelligent and sympathetic visitor, M. Lugan's volume may be heartily recommended to American Catholics.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

Inconclusive Conclusions

City Bosses in the United States, by Harold Zink. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. $4.00.

IF THERE is any need for picking out twenty men who have bossed cities or parts of cities and detailing the events in their lives, Dr. Zink's work is open to no objection. It cannot even be objected that he has left out famous city bosses like Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, and inserted men like Dry Dollar Sullivan, who never ruled or aspired to rule more than one section of a city ruled by somebody else. He announces that he intends to be selective; hence, the only way to review his book is to inquire how well he has carried out his self-imposed task.

As for the twenty men—and, since he is selective, there is no need to give their names—he has written in each case a careful biographical sketch, without animus. Now and then he makes an error, but it is such as any man in his place would be likely to commit; as when he makes Richard Croker, in 1886, catapult into the New York mayoralty Abram S. Hewitt, who was "also popular with the county Democrats." Hewitt was the organizer and chief, in name at least, of the county Democrats, and it was they, not Tammany, who ruled the city, from mayor down. The significance of Croker's action in nominating Hew-

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itt, the opposition leader, was that the majority party could not do otherwise than endorse its own parent, and thus a union of the majority and minority parties was obtained. The Republicans in New York, then wholly insignificant, were a third party in 1886. But all that was long ago, and anybody is likely to make the same mistake.

It is to be said, then, that the biographies are correct and careful, though more annalistic than biographic. If one wishes to know the ancestry and career of Martin Lomasney, who is not a city boss but rules a Boston ward, he can get the facts, unflavored by either approval or disapproval. A reviewer's quarrel with Dr. Zink lies not here, but in his system, which is that of treating twenty men who happen to be bosses instead of merchants or lawyers as if they were members of a specific type of animal or insect. To this he devotes Part I of his book, and his manner is precisely that of a botanist, mineralogist or ethnologist. In this Part I he analyzes their physique, origins, social standing and what not, and ponderously reaches the conclusion that "circumstances, combinations and conscious initiative on the part of the boss himself rate above the rest." It is all as absurd as if one were to make a similar scientific study of twenty doctors or twenty delicatessen dealers.

Dr. Zink has a peculiarly annoying habit of labeling each of his subjects with some title, always in quotation marks; as "Honorable" William Tweed, "Old Boy" George B. Cox, "Old Man" Hugh McLaughlin. It becomes particularly annoying when he calls Olvany (in quotation marks) "Judge" George W. Olvany, as if Olvany were not actually a judge of the Court of General Sessions. The label is not restricted to chapter headings; throughout Tweed, for instance, is referred to as "Honorable" Tweed. Granted the need for such a book, though no such grant is necessary, it is not necessary to grant also the need for fantods.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON.

The English Poor

Poverty and the State: A Study of English Conditions, by Gilbert Slater. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $4.00.

A SERIES of lectures arranged by the Church of England Temperance Society for police court missionaries would not seem a very promising basis for a scientific treatise on the relation of the state to poverty. Nevertheless, this, as we are informed in the preface, is the genesis of the present volume. While it does not pretend to be a systematic study, it does describe the principal dealings of the state with poverty in England since the days of Elizabeth. The author reviews in chronological order the principal emergencies which have given rise to those new methods which have ever since persisted under varying forms. The chapter on "Poverty and Private Charity" is a very good historical sketch, although it seems to rely too much on such authors as G. C. Coulton. "The Elizabethan Poor Law," "Health Insurance," "Care of the Child," "Care of the Aged," "Hospitals," "Doctors and the State," "The State and the Trade in Alcohol," "Lunacy and Mental Deficiency" and "Unemployment" are probably the most interesting chapters. Concerning the liquor traffic, the author thinks that prohibition in the United States "has been a success from the economic point of view," and cites the estimate of one Dr. Vernon that the consumption of alcohol in this country has been reduced to about 10 percent of what it was before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. However, he thinks that this estimate "is probably too optimistic." As a matter of fact, the prohibi-

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tion administration admits that the consumption of alcohol is 35 percent of what it was before prohibition. At any rate, the author believes that prohibition would not have yielded as good results in England as the policy which has actually been followed in that country, and which has resulted in a considerable decrease in the consumption of all beverages and an even greater proportion of decrease in drunkenness. This "progress in temperance," as the author calls it, is "the result of a healthy change in public opinion and sentiment."

Three chapters are devoted to various phases of unemployment. In these chapters, the discussion of remedies is naturally the most interesting to the American reader. The author does not place much hope in "rationalization" in either the coal or the cotton industries. In his opinion, "it is agriculture which supplies the great potential field for increased employment." Comparing British with German agriculture, he finds that the former is greatly inferior to the latter in the amount of output per acre of corn, potatoes, meat, milk and sugar, even though the British farmers are not inferior to the Germans in technical efficiency. If the land in England and Wales available for cultivation were brought up to the German standard, it would provide employment for an additional force of 1,000,000 persons. All in all, the author makes out a good case for the proposition that a more intensive as well as a more extensive cultivation of the land of Great Britain would go farther than any other measure toward relieving unemployment and depression. Also it would make the British people less dependent upon foreign trade.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Wisdom of Old Age

The Evening of Life, by Monsignor Baunard; translated and condensed by John L. Stoddard. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company. $2.00.

"THE EVENING OF LIFE," or as the French title reads, "Compensations of Old Age," is an unusual book in the best sense of the word. The author combines with knowledge and sanctity a wholesome outlook on life. Viewing old age not as the end of activities but as the last station before reaching eternity and as a position nearest to heaven, he beholds at his feet more than eight decades rolling gradually into the oblivion of early childhood. He recalls to memory and spices with the reflections of his experience and still acute mind the ascending life, almost a century of progress and sufferings around him, and asks the question: Where is life going?

"Science and Belief," "Sophism and Mental Bankruptcy" are followed by "God," "The World," "The Soul," "The Church and Authority." All are made the subjects of profound meditation and are illustrated by views and items taken from pagan, civil and ecclesiastical literature and history. Finally, the author draws inspiration, consolation and joy from "Retirement," "The Better Life of Age," "Death and Immortality." Pages 285 to 304 contain valuable biographical notes on the great personages mentioned in the volume.

"The Evening of Life" is not a gloomy book, as might be inferred from the topics mentioned. It is just the opposite. The exquisite thoughts expressed in the beautiful language of Stoddard makes a delightful combination to express the Christian view of old age. Its reading is a treat in the quiet evening hours under the library lamp when a man is best disposed and most introspective. Hence, this mellifluous evensong of the author and translator is heartily recommended to all, of both sexes, who have passed the meridian of life.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

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Briefer Mention

Po' Buckra, by Gertrude Mathews Shelby and Samuel Gaillard Stoney. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

JUDITH in the present novel learned to love Barty because of the sentimental halo that crowns the head of a soldier; but unlike Desdemona, Judith had no idea her lover possessed negroid blood. She believed him to be low white—"po' buckra," as they were called—and she resigned herself to his social discrepancies in order to have a husband to help her carry on the old and beautiful tradition of the plantation. But the Barony, as the old plantation was called, would not produce, despite the fact that such a power as Judith was behind it. The story of Judith's resolve, her never-tiring efforts, her strength and hope—in short, Judith herself—is the most worthwhile part of the book. The other characters too often seem to be technical puppets in the hands of the writer. The authors of "Po' Buckra" in their first book, "Black Genesis," a collection of Negro tales, seemed more at home.

Mosaic, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $2.50.

"MOSAIC," with "The Matriarch" and its sequel, "A Deputy Was King," constitutes a social chronicle that may with justice be compared in scope and brilliance to Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga." This clever, colorful and animated study of Jewish family life is indeed a mosaic of characters, of moods, periods and places. The idea of the title is aptly carried over into the technique, for the running narrative is inlaid with little sparkling interludes of direct commentary by the principal personages. Berthe Czelovar, Berthe the magnificent, dominates the scene in "Mosaic," as Anastasia Rakonitz pervaded "The Matriarch." Berthe is a gorgeous figure, a woman of abounding vitality and simple, unreflecting egotism. She functions grandly and dramatically, overflowing all barriers and engulfing everyone and everything within her range. There is no escape from her. G. B. Stern has given us a series of the finest portraits in the gallery of modern fiction in this her latest book and in the two earlier novels.

CONTRIBUTORS

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL, poet, reviewer and essayist, is the author of "Jealous of Dead Leaves."

MARY SETON is a Canadian poet.

JOHN C. CAHALAN, jr., is a former newspaper man residing in Michigan.

LOUIS GINSBERG is a poet contributing to American magazines and teaching English in the Paterson High School.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS, formerly in the American diplomatic service, is an authority on international affairs.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH is the author of "Shepherds in Sackcloth" and many other books.

SISTER MARY OF THE VISITATION is a nun of the Visitation Order in Maryland.

REV. FRANKLYN J. KENNEDY is a priest of the archdiocese of Milwaukee.

HELEN WALKER HOMAN, formerly on the staff of THE COMMONWEAL, is the author of "Presenting Mrs. Chase-Lyon."

MARY E. MCLAUGHLIN is a new contributor to THE COMMONWEAL.

ERNEST BRENNECKE, jr., is a literary critic, author of "Thomas Hardy, a Study" and lecturer on English literature at Columbia University.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL of Russia is the author in English of "They Knew the Washingtons" and "The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina."

KATHERINE BRÉGY is a critic and poet, and the author of "The Poet's Chantry" and "Poets and Pilgrims."

REV. T. LAWRASON RIGGS is the chaplain of the Catholic Club at Yale University.

CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON is a veteran political correspondent for New York journals. His latest book is "Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents."

REV. JOHN A. RYAN is professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, and director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is the author of "A Living Wage" and "Social Reconstruction."

REV. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.M.Cap., whose works include "Boy Guidance" and "Boyleader's Primer," is the director general of the Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States.

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